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MAKERS OF THE MODERN AGE
Edited by OSBERT BURDETT

MUSTAPHA KEMAL
OF TURKEY

By the same Author

A MUSICAL ODYSSEY
OSCAR BROWNING
THREE WOMEN



MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

The President of the Turkish Republic addressing the People's Party at Angora on the occasion of the opening of the Congress

By courtesy of "The Times"

MAKERS OF THE MODERN AGE

Edited by OSBERT BURDETT

MUSTAPHA KEMAL OF TURKEY

By

H. E. WORTHAM



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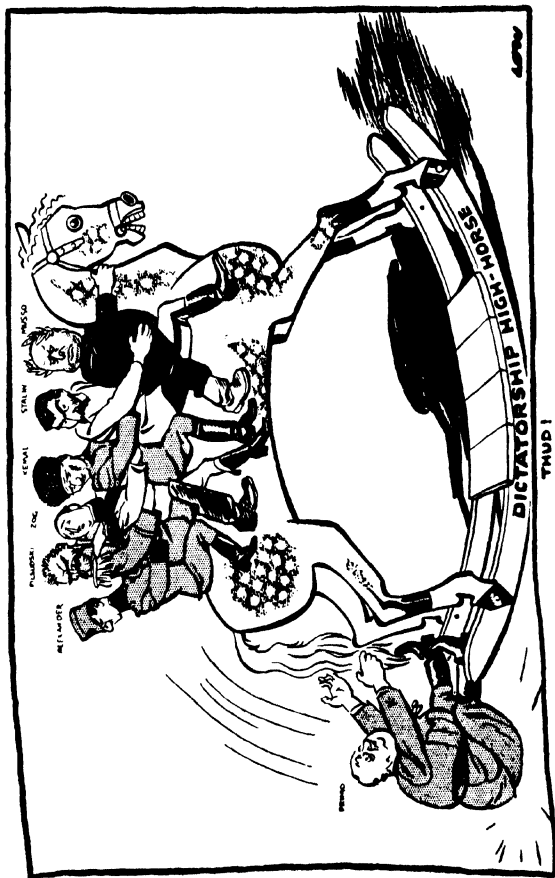
FOREWORD

THE general title of this series would have made a general introduction superfluous were it not that, as it happens, the first two volumes to be published chance to be portraits of statesmen and studies of political revolutions, one of which at any rate excites profound feelings in every country within its reach. The aim of the series, however, is not political or propagandist, and, while there is a certain piquancy in the contrast between the Turkish soldier and the Marxian Communist, the series is not limited to political fare. It has a welcome for all originators who have genuinely helped to make extraordinary changes in the world in which we are living, and its attitude, to this small class, is as comprehensive as that of the innkeeper who christened his inn 'The Open Arms.'

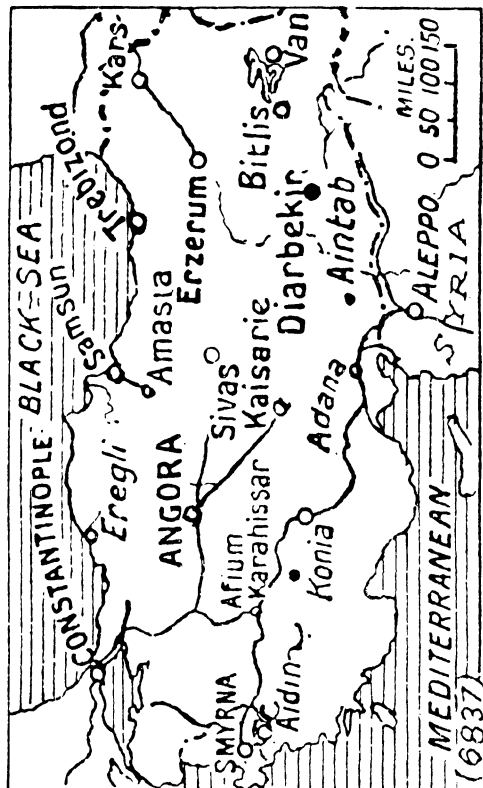
The problems have been to plan a series of compact books that shall omit no innovator of sufficient importance, shall include no pretender, however eminent, who has altered nothing, and to find writers with the appropriate balance of intimate knowledge with critical detachment.

If the series, in a reasonable compass, can be

completed on this strictly defined plan, every reader of the collection will possess a succinct but intelligible survey of the world-changes among which he is living. On perhaps a score of subjects, it does not matter where the survey begins, for only the co-operation of the public is needed to enable us eventually to cover the remainder of a varied, but definite, field. Wherever it had started, the series must have disclaimed a single form of change. Politics being one of the most important of questions, the series begins with two volumes dealing with the contrasting problems of personal dictatorship and of proletarian rule.



Mustapha Kemal among the other Dictators. By Low
Reproduced by courtesy of the "Evening Standard"



TURKEY

Reproduced, by permission, from "The Times" of 7th December 1927

MUSTAPHA KEMAL

CHAPTER I.

*Mustapha Kemal is the embodiment of
Turkish political idealism.*

‘A SIMPLE citizen of the Turkish Republic’—thus Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, sacrificing truth to terseness, modestly describes himself, although there is something of the Cincinnatus in the maker of contemporary Turkey, including a taste for following the motor plough. The simple citizen in him takes pleasure in talking to other simple citizens, specially to those who, like himself, cultivate the sacred soil of the Fatherland. Mustapha Kemal is thoroughly western in his taste for the trappings of democracy. No husk of ceremonial clogs the machinery of his government, which functions with an austerity of ritual that the most puritanical republican must admire. He is western, too, in deprecating flattery—except of the People. ‘My name is Mustapha Kemal,’ he said to one who compared him with Napoleon and Alexander. ‘If you wish to honour me, call me Mustapha Kemal of Turkey.’ The Turkish people, however, he allows to

derogate from this standard of abnegation in calling him Ghazi—the Victorious—Pasha. This modest homage is the only one he openly permits to the past, to the tradition of Turkish rule enshrined in an old poem that declares the warrior's duty as being 'to smite and to slay, or be slain as he smites.' It is well to add, on this first introduction to a great idealist and a great iconoclast, that beneath the débris of old ideas and institutions he has destroyed, and behind the façade of new ideas and institutions he has created, one still observes, as the basis of his policy, the ruthlessness which is the essential characteristic of eastern, as compared with western, conceptions of government. Turkey is still part of Asia in that 'the individual is a heresy.' The ideal of the liberty of individual man which is in some sort or another the guiding light of all European governments outside Russia, and Russia has never been more than half westernised, has yet to be set up in Angora.

Happily, Mustapha Kemal, who (to quote one observer) towers head and shoulders above the type of man our western democracies have sometimes projected into political life, is not, as these puppets are, always obliged to wear the cloak of humility. A conception of himself, thrown out in conversation, sets him in truer perspective against his background. 'There are two Mustapha Kemals. One is that sitting before you, the Mustapha Kemal of flesh and blood, who will

pass away. 'There is another whom I cannot call "Me." It is not I that this Mustapha Kemal personifies, it is you—all you present here, who go into the furthestmost parts of the country to inculcate and defend a new ideal, a new mode of thought. I stand for these dreams of yours. My life's work is to make them come true.' Mussolini, the nearest counterpart Europe provides to Mustapha Kemal, might speak like this in public, though one can hardly imagine him unburdening himself in so lofty a vein of symbolism to his intimates of the Fascist Grand Council. Western ears are more critical, the European is more on his guard against spiritual pride, the dangers of which have been held up before him too long to be forgotten.

Yet in personal appearance the Italian Dictator has the advantage. Neither the camera, nor the interviewer, catches the same picturesque embodiment of authority in Mustapha Kemal that Mussolini so clearly offers to either. The special correspondent would not, of course, be true to his calling if he were not immediately conscious of the impression of strength which, by the rules of the game, the President of the Turkish Republic, who gets his clothes from London, his jewellery from Paris, and not a few of his ideas from Rome, is expected to convey. Thus a zealous American¹ describes him as a man with a face of iron beneath an iron-grey kalpak (the

¹ Claire Price, "The Rebirth of Turkey."

Cossack astrakhan head-covering first worn by the young Turks as a symbol of their emancipation), in talking to whom you felt that you were conversing with 'an iron-grey image.' Gold fillings in his lower teeth 'gave sparkle to the military incisiveness of his manner,' and when he was roused to anger the blue eyes turned to grey and the pupils squinted. Those slate-blue eyes under the thick, fair eyebrows to a Frenchman suggest danger—the Tartar, one may say, beneath the Turk. 'Caressant ou hautain, distant ou brillant d'ironie, il peut devenir implacable.'¹ The more matter-of-fact Englishman² notes that Mustapha Kemal is of medium height and thick-set build, has blue-grey eyes, high cheek bones, a prominent, pointed chin, and is something of a dandy. So much, too, the camera tells us, except that it cannot indicate the obvious 'Nordic' characteristics that strike all Europeans who come into contact with him.

To the feminine vision, looking for the man under the dictator, he can appear rather a dreary, uncommunicative personality, whose looks are completely spoiled when he smiles by those same gold teeth that impressed our American. Quite insusceptible to flattery, is the judgment of a clever and attractive Englishwoman,³ who notices the sense of humour, the distant look of

¹ *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15th July 1929.

² H. Charles Woods, *Contemporary Review*, November 1927.

³ Mrs Clare Sheridan, "West and East."

the dreamer beneath the hard blue eyes, the perfect oriental manners that make even a westerner of the world feel at a disadvantage. His deference she sex-consciously explains as probably a veil, acquired in Paris (which, as a matter of fact, he hardly knows at all), to hide the pre-natally obsessed mind that regards women, not only as inferior, but as devoid of soul. A harsh judgment on a man who has stood for female emancipation in Turkey—yet instinct did not altogether mislead her, for it is certainly the case that women have been no more to Mustapha Kemal than a decoration—a gaudy decoration—to his leisure hours.

Still, when he does not scent political danger he can sometimes find an intellectual pleasure in feminine society, and smoking cigarette after cigarette and running his beads through his fingers unburden himself with frank modesty in the French of the Levant on his achievements and aspirations. One Englishwoman¹ who, in her own words, was honoured by an intimacy which nearly approached that of an old school-friend, found him charming, alike in his condemnation of Napoleon's ambition, in his care for his pets, and in his devotion to his mother. But though this English lady had gone to Angora ready to see and believe and understand, Mustapha Kemal's personality had dimensions that eluded her woman's intuition. For suddenly a

¹ Miss Grace Ellison, "An Englishwoman in Angora."

puzzling reserve, an almost frigid politeness, would take the place of confidences, and she would realise the loneliness of power and the penalties it imposes upon trustful human intercourse.

Mustapha Kemal, after ten years of rule, stands more alone and remote than when this description of him was written. The face is familiar to every Turk. No café, no private house, is complete till a coloured oleograph hangs forlornly high on the walls ; hardly an issue of a Turkish paper that does not contain some snapshot of the Ghazi Pasha. But the man behind the now ageing features grows more aloof. His fellow-citizens feel it, and their reverence is clouded with grief. Fears for their demi-god remind them that he is mortal. They know that disease of the kidneys, one of the scourges of their country, long ago laid its fell grip upon him ; they know that he has never spared himself, either in his work or in his pleasures. At Angora he is amongst his own. There they see him and talk with him. But the fickle and less favoured people of Constantinople give ear to rumour. If they cannot gaze on him in the flesh their idle tongues wag, until ' Ghazi Pasha ' emerges upon some balcony by the Bosphorus after dinner and, spreading his orator's wings, gently rebukes their want of faith. ' I am overcome,' he says, ' when I see the trouble you take over me. Do not think that it is essential just to

look upon my face ; rather seek to share and understand my ideas. Your own eyes will tell you that I am in perfect health and vigour (and he throws out his arms in vigorous and embracing gestures). The love that I have for you always remains unshaken. My strength lies in that love and in your love for me. Under the new régime this nation, this country, will be the most esteemed and highly honoured in the world. I shall not die before I have seen my words come true.’¹ And amidst the cheers of the Stamboulis he withdraws to the recreations, the champagne, the cards, the dancing, that the west has provided for summer nights on the Bosphorus—and the papers in due course relate that Ghazi Pasha returned to his palace of Dolma Bagtche at five in the morning.

¹ Reported in *The Times*, 24th September 1929.

CHAPTER II.

The westernisation policy of Mustapha Kemal has its origins in the early nineteenth century when the Turks first began to regret seriously that they were shut out from the common civilisation of Europe.

AN initial difficulty confronts us in understanding the enigmatic personage that lies beneath the simple citizen, for hero-worship of our rulers has never been an Anglo-Saxon trait. The frame of mind that creates the atmosphere in which alone a Mustapha Kemal can flourish is alien to us.

The Englishman mistrusts and fears power. On moral grounds he believes that it corrupts him who wields it, and on material grounds he objects to being an autocrat's raw material. So strongly does he hold that no one can wield power for long without being tainted by its evil influence, that our history is hardly more than the Englishman's reactions to his hatred of the accursed thing. And for the peoples who tolerate absolutism he has always had a humorous pity, coupled with indignation at their ruler's wickedness, an indignation which becomes hatred under the influence of fear. Philip II., Napoleon, stalk

like villains through our history text-books as the ex-Kaiser did ten years ago through our newspapers. Our own dictator, Cromwell, has never been, like his unfortunate victim, the object of a cult. The Englishman, though one cannot explain the partiality of hundreds of thousands of people in this country for Lenin and his successors except as a temporary aberration produced by Celtic influences, remains eternally suspicious of power. Being human and knowing that he must indulge a universal taste, he takes care that his heroes shall be cricketers, or tennis-players, or film-stars. These he can worship without danger, either to himself or to them. His native distrust is not confined to the individual. Power, whether it is thought to lie with the politicians or the press, with the trusts, the trade unions, or the bureaucracy, is equally baleful, and the suspicion of it is enough to bring odium on those in whom it is thought to repose. Never has the Englishman permitted any ruler, except God, to order his doings for long, and his continued loyalty in that direction is due not a little to the tact of the Almighty.

We must then lay aside prejudices and prepossessions if we are to understand the phenomenon which has arisen in Turkey. For here we have a specimen of the hero-king to whom thirteen million people are ready to give an apparently limitless obedience. At his behest they have altered the tenor of their lives and destroyed

almost every familiar landmark of daily existence; they have put their traditions on the scrap-heap, they have even renounced their heroes of the past. Their two greatest Sultans, Mohamed II., the Conqueror of Constantinople, and Selim I., who took Egypt, they have allowed to be branded, the one for having recognised the identity of the subject races within the Ottoman Empire, the other because he assumed the Caliphate, and so bound up Turkish rule with the theocratic ideals of Islam. Under Kemal's leadership a whole nation has turned its back upon the past, has changed its beliefs, its customs and costumes, its calendar, its very language. It does things previously forbidden, abstains from things previously recommended. No putting off of the old man and putting on of the new has ever been so drastically attempted as by the Turks under the rule of Mustapha Kemal. Compared with him Peter the Great was a timid reformer, the statesmen who refashioned Japan after the fall of the Shogunate sentimental liberals. Even the Bolsheviki, who wear the tattered imperial clothes inside out and still nurse the old Russian dreams of world dominion, lack in this respect the stern irreverence for the past of Mustapha Kemal, who has allowed no imperialistic will-o'-the-wisp to deflect him from his path. He is surely the greatest radical in history.

Yet there is a background to his reforming

zeal. Its stimulus can be traced to ideals which have long been floating more or less dimly in Turkish minds, and his policy of westernisation can claim more justification from precedent than might appear at first sight. For the Turk, though he has made some substantial ripples in the pond of history, has been unlucky—and he knows it. By a geographical accident he has missed his career amongst the European peoples. Had the Mongol pressure which originally forced him from his central Asian homelands driven him west, instead of south, he would, like his cousins, the Hungarians, have entered Europe through the plains of Russia, and in consequence have adopted Christianity, the necessary passport to western culture. It happened that the first peoples less barbaric than himself whom he met with in his migration were Moslems, and so he became a convert to Islam, as a result being shut out, when at last he took Constantinople, from the full inheritance of Byzantine civilisation. His military virtues secured him the privileges of a ruling race, but he was unable to absorb the spiritual qualities that give an underlying identity to the European peoples. As Christians the Turks might have been the Normans of Eastern Europe. In professing Islam they hitched their waggon to the wrong star and became the protagonists of a losing cause, the issue of which, unbeknown to them, had been decided centuries before by Charles Martel on the plains of Poitiers.

And the result, the dire result, both for the Turks and for Europe, has been to cut them off from western civilisation.

They did not feel their isolation, their being in Europe but not of it, for more than a couple of hundred years after they had become the lords of New Rome. But while military prestige gave them at first a flattering sense of superiority, their inability to assimilate the knowledge and culture of which Constantinople had been the repository for over a millennium in the end brought its Nemesis. Byzantine learning, scattered before the Turkish whirlwind, acted as leaven and hastened the renaissance which in the solid achievements of the New Philosophy was to give indisputable pre-eminence to the west. It took time to shake the Turk's self-confidence and to tinge his pride with envy. The process was slower owing to the Turkish tolerance of his Christian subject-races, from which he was able to recruit his high officials and so to stave off the creeping paralysis that Islam had set upon the fabric of his Empire. But nothing could prevent the gradual spread of the malady. It grew clearer and clearer that the rottenness lay at the heart of the State, that Europe was stronger because it was better, and opinion gradually crystallised sufficiently to create a party of reform desiring to bring Turkey into line with the west. The Turks have this to their credit—that they were the first Asiatic people to convince them-

selves that Europe had fashioned a higher type of civilisation than their own.

They could hardly have been expected to understand that the strength of the west was only a resultant of its immaterial qualities of intellect and character. The force, not the wisdom, of Europe, was what impressed them. They admired, as they feared, the Jovian thunder that rolled in the west and the north. 'Whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! all by steam!' So a century since ran the refrain of the Pasha of Karaghoolookoldour who from his divan at Belgrade watched the rising western tide. 'My mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon vapours of living cauldrons and their horses are flaming coals! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!' We smile at the thumb-nail caricature which Kinglake gives of the Turk with his naïve summary of European achievement, not less because we can catch some echo of the whiz! whiz! and the whirr! whirr! in the political philosophy of the by no means naïve Pasha who has at last translated all the vague regrets and envy of his race into action.

The intermediate stages run for those who read. The Turk has learnt much in the hard school of adversity since "Eothen" was written. Tossing on his bed of sickness he has adopted one expedient after another to regain his health. To liberalise Islam, to harness it as a world-force

and control a Pan-Islamic movement, to destroy the alien elements in the Empire by massacre, to bring them together within a State organised on democratic principles, to divide opponents in a Europe at peace by skilful playing of the cards of high politics, to join the stronger side in a Europe at war, to hold the hegemony of the Turanian races, to displace Allah by the Great White Wolf, and to unite with the Turks of Trans-Caucasia under that erstwhile Turkish Totem, to hand themselves over, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Americans to be run on business lines—all these policies have been suggested, many of them have been tried and failed. It has remained for Mustapha Kemal to sweep aside all quack and specious remedies and administer a more searching medicine. With a stern, unflinching realism he has persuaded his fellow-Turks to submit to changes that almost destroy their identity as a race.

We can sympathise with such humility the better since we, too, in the Apollinine flight of progress are facing after our fashion a similar problem of realignment under the impact of a culture which, by the same pragmatistical standard of values, demonstrates its moral superiority. It adds a human touch to know that the Turk, like the Englishman, sometimes blazes up at the assumption of western superiority that in his heart of hearts he venerates. Then Mustapha Kemal's blue eyes turn grey with anger, his eye-

brows beetle dangerously, his hands dance and his whole frame shakes with passion as a stream of vehement talk flows from his lips. But such moral indignation, or chafing at inferiority, dissolves in explosion. It does not deflect him from his policy, as he chips away one more of the excrescences that Asia has grown upon his countrymen. Nothing is too small, from the cut of their trousers to the music in their cafés, nothing too large, from the way they write their language to the way they worship God, for this masterful shepherd of his people. And the story of his career, how he took possession of the fold and drove away the wolves, is in keeping with the easy mastery with which he now leads his flock.

CHAPTER III.

Mustapha Kemal goes into the Army as the surest way of a career. As a young officer his revolutionary activities were not less marked than his military abilities.

WE may take it as an illustration of the difference between the New Turkey, where a medical certificate of health is by way of being a necessary preliminary to marriage, and the Old Turkey, where men wived as their mothers and the marriage-brokers pleased, that the actual date of Mustapha Kemal's birth is uncertain. All official sources tell us is that the infant, destined to introduce into Turkey the ideal of statistical precision, which is the life-blood of bureaucratic government, was born in the Turkish civil year 1296. This began on 13th March 1880 and ended on 12th March 1881. Since Time writes wrinkles even on a dictator's brow, the Ghazi Pasha's fellow-citizens usually assume that he was born in 1881.

His father, Ali Riza, a Rumeli Turk, and so a native of Europe, held a small post in the Turkish Customs at Salonika, which he resigned in order to trade in wood, an indication that he

possessed more initiative than the usual Turkish minor official. Death prevented him from showing whether he had the aptitude for business affairs which his son believes is not alien to the Turkish character, and Ali Riza's widow, Zubeida, found herself thrown on the world with two young children on her hands. The family bond, however, is strong in Turkey, and the little Mustapha, with his mother and sister, were cared for by an uncle who lived in the country. Here, during the earliest years of his boyhood, he acquired the taste for agricultural pursuits which now beguile the leisure of the statesman. His first recorded occupation was scaring birds in the bean-fields—a nice piece of symbolism for the future Ghazi Pasha, who was to climb to power by driving away more dangerous birds from what the world thought was the corpse of Turkey.

Ali Riza had destined his son, when in the cradle, to a secular education. The more conservative and pious Zubeida, seeing signs of intelligence in Mustapha that might, she piously thought, one day make him a doctor learned in the Islamic law, wished him to go to a Mosque school. Her maternal ambition was destined to be gratified in different but more brilliant colours; her strength of character is shown by her decision to send Mustapha, now a small boy of nine or ten, to live with an aunt in Salonika, for there is nothing the Turkish mother dreads more than separation from her children. The object of this

was to enable him to attend—as Ali Riza had wished—the day-school kept by a certain Chemsî Effendi, who has acquired a niche in the annals of the Turkish Republic by being the first teacher of its first President. He remained there long enough to reach a sixth standard proficiency, and then he went on to the Higher Elementary (Rusdiye) school. Here we catch a glimpse of the adolescent that is father of the man, for a battle with another boy—and we can guess that the young Mustapha's masterfulness would be irritating to his fellows—led to a flogging inflicted by a 'hodja' whose function was to teach Arabic and the Koran. This bastinadoing may well be a germ of the violent anti-clericalism which has marked our hero's tenure of power. In any case it had a direct influence on his future. For Mustapha, with that moral repugnance to corporal punishment which English public-schoolboys are now alone in not sharing, refused to return to the school. Without telling his mother, he presented himself as a candidate for the Junior Military College in Salonika, passed the examination, and was duly admitted. It is characteristic of a career marked by an extraordinary self-reliance that the boy in his early teens put his foot on the first rung of the ladder by his own counsel and his own exertions.

His ability soon began to attract attention. The form master in his second year, a certain Captain Mustapha, who was an officer in the Army, re-

marked his pupil's aptitude for mathematics, the early trait common to many great generals. This and the boy's obvious superiority of character drew the regard of the master who, in token of his Platonic affection, gave him the additional name of Kemal. This in its original Arabic signifies Perfection, and the mythology of the Saviour of his Country has not failed to bring into relief this presentiment, or prediction, of moral greatness. The philosophic biographer, whilst noting it, will stress as more interesting the fact that the schoolmaster in Mustapha Kemal—an element in his character that no one can overlook—received its first aliment when in his namesake's absence he was told off to take the lower classes himself. In the pupil teacher of sixteen we can see the President-Anthropagogue, lecturing his subjects on all conceivable subjects with a zest only equalled by its prolixity.

Those who know the Turkish and Egyptian schoolboy have often remarked how the bright-eyed adolescent turns into the dull and intractable ephebe. Puberty widened Mustapha Kemal's interests, but one may assume with some confidence that he resisted its temptations better than most. For at the Senior Military School in Monastir he continued to distinguish himself in his mathematical studies, though he had now begun to suffer from the growing-pains of the nationalist and revolutionary, brought on by reading Voltaire, Rousseau, and the poems of

his compatriot and namesake, Kemal, which were his spiritual sustenance and helped to develop the literary faculties that have proved so useful an ally to his military genius. But the young nationalist, scribbling patriotic verses and even writing patriotic plays as he dreamed of the overthrow of the Hamidian régime that was to be accomplished a decade later, remained a serious student, and in due course passed on with the élite of his year to the War College at Constantinople, where those officers whose abilities marked them out for key-positions on the Turkish General Staff continued their training and education with a thoroughness which caused them to be carefully watched by the Secret Police. There Mustapha Kemal, now in his early twenties and already showing the bold front to those in authority characteristic of his political courage, used his natural ascendancy over his comrades to organise a revolutionary 'cell,' as the cant term has it, which even possessed a paper of its own. This came to the notice of the Commandant who, either because he secretly sympathised with the young Kemal or because he feared to punish so influential a student, refrained from disciplinary measures. The police were less kind, and when Mustapha Kemal at last, on 11th January 1905, after studies almost as prolonged as the Jesuits impose on their recruits, finished his final course and passed out a Captain on the General Staff, he was arrested

and taken before a Commission of Inquiry at Yildiz.

The evidence of the young officer's revolutionary tendencies was plain, but the ramifications of his organisation could not have impressed the Commission as being very dangerous, for after a few months of detention he was gazetted to a Cavalry Regiment at Damascus—a modified form of exile. There, in Syria, the same year he saw his first active service against those stalwart fighters, the Druses, who still maintain their reputation by being a thorn in the side of the French. Yet he was not too busy soldiering to continue his revolutionary activities. A secret society, called the 'Vatan' (fatherland), came into existence at Damascus through his efforts, and within a few months, owing to Mustapha Kemal's energy, it had branches at Beyrut, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. Such activities were the easier since Syria was a long way from Constantinople, and his superior officers regarded his subversive propaganda with at least a friendly neutrality. The Ottoman Empire, intellectually dead and economically moribund, was visibly crumbling to those inside the machine, and Mustapha Kemal doubtless already realised dimly—as he declares he saw clearly in 1919—that the formulas 'Ottoman Empire,' 'Sultanate,' and 'Khali-fate' were empty names. This, however, is surmise, for the most tantalising lacuna in his career lies in the absence of our knowledge how

and when the ideals took shape in his mind which have crystallised in his policy. There is a gap between the nationalist reformer and the radical statesman which we cannot bridge.

His restless ambition soon found Syria too remote a sphere, and, after secretly sounding General Shukri Pasha, then General of Artillery at Salonika, he decided to change the scene of his underground political labours to Macedonia, at that time the heart of revolutionary agitation. He obtained leave and went first to Egypt, where he formed another secret committee, though by the paradox which gives a flavour of opera bouffe to all Levantine politics the nationalist organisations in that country were at the time being subventioned by the same Sultan Abdul Hamid whom Kemal was plotting to overturn. Penetrating in disguise to Salonika he stayed there four months, and by now skilled in the technique of revolution organised more cells of the movement which was soon to become famous under the name of the Committee of Union and Progress.

But the secret police were on his track, and sent orders to Djemil Bey, the Assistant Commandant, for his arrest. Had that officer been true to his salt, the history of Turkey might have been different. As it was, Djemil sent for Kemal, showed him the order, and told him that he could not delay its execution for more than forty-eight hours. By then our hero, still in

disguise, was on his way back to Jaffa, where on his arrival the Commandant of the place, Ahmed Bey, who also had a finger in the revolutionary pie, sent him immediately to the frontier south of Gaza. He remained in these desert outposts beyond the reach of the central Government until his case was forgotten amid the excitement of the Akaba crisis. We find him next, a year later, back in Damascus, given his majority and attached as Adjutant to the Staff of the Syrian Army. But this unorthodox staff officer, who was to prove one of the first generals of his age, knew that the Arab Provinces were a political backwater, and secured his transfer to the Third Army, where in its headquarters at Salonika the threads were being drawn together of the movement which led to the *coup d'état* of 1908.

It is here that we get our first real picture of Mustapha Kemal, and if the outlines have been painted by himself to bring it as much as possible into harmony with his later career, the vividness of the details impresses us with its general verisimilitude. We see him living with his mother in the paternal house and plotting with his brother officers in the true comitadji style. One day Zubeida, made wise by the servant, plays the eavesdropper, and hears things that frighten her. When he is alone she begs him not to conspire against his sovereign, who unites in his person the virtues of seven saints, a picturesque if misleading description of the Red Sultan

against whom Gladstone thundered. Mustapha Kemal points out that he is honour bound with others who are to do great things, and Zubeida, admitting this obligation, adds with feminine common sense that the essential thing in such dangerous matters is to be sure of success.

Later, Kemal, whose independence ill-brooked even maternal and sisterly solicitude, much less the well-meant advice of uncles and aunts, lived alone. Only so, he explained, could he escape the dilemma of obedience or lack of filial piety. For to have followed the advice of his mother, who was twenty or twenty-five years his senior, would have been to return upon the past; to disobey to tear her heart strings, and for Mustapha Kemal his mother personified the feminine virtues. Either would have been wrong. The essential weakness of Islam has been its failure to idealise the family affections. This spiritual basis of the western world is indeed a European, as distinct from an Asiatic, conception, and the split between the Latin and the Greek Churches, which turned on a point affecting the second person of the Trinity, derives from profound differences of thought and feeling about the functions and position of woman in society. In the cult of the Virgin the Latin Church has always been more assiduous than the Greek, and the Holy Family received its apotheosis in Italy and Spain, not in the East. So Mustapha Kemal, deprived of this impalpable background which enabled a

Napoleon to be the dutiful and attentive son, lived the bachelor, or in other words the *café*, life until as President of the Republic, when he had climbed to a height that put him beyond the reach of his mother's counsel, he could invite her to share his modest official residence at Tchan Kaya outside Angora.

This dislike of family interference translated itself as aloofness in the wider circles of comradeship. At Salonika in those months before the Army swept away for ever the old régime, he was unable to be a leader in the counsels of the Committee of Union and Progress, and Mustapha Kemal, whose career is one more refutation of the comfortable adage that to command one must first learn to obey, regarded its chiefs with critical, even unfriendly, eyes. Towards Enver, the flashy *beau sabreur*, he must have already felt the personal antipathy which ultimately had such disastrous consequences, both for that adventurer and for the Committee of Union and Progress.

With one of them, Djemal, at the moment his immediate superior, he was on friendly terms, although Djemal inspired in him no loyalty or sense of hero-worship. When, in the back room of a Salonika *café*, a group of young officers one night, conspiring over their beer and *raki*, began to talk of their heroes, each desiring to be great men like them, the general consensus at length upheld Djemal as the true patriot. Amidst the toasts and bravos of their unanimity Mustapha

Kemal sat silent. The others, noticing this, turned to ask his opinion. He replied only by a stare. If we may believe him, those moments had spiritual consequences to the Staff-Major whom the rest regarded as conceited, or merely stupid, for in his contempt of their facile boasting he first realised clearly that men who talked big whilst looking round for some one to admire and imitate were no men at all; amidst the smoke and fumes of that crowded upstairs room he knew greatness to be woven of sterner stuff. Henceforth the brilliant talker, for even Mustapha Kemal's enemies admit him to be this, distrusted talk whether it came from the ready orators who led the movement, or from the foolish lips of captains and subalterns. The nationalist, the agitator, the revolutionary—whatever one calls him—of only three years' standing was already a judge of men.

He hardly troubled to conceal his opinions, even from his chief, an exuberant and vain personality, who occupied his leisure in writing leading articles for the local press. Djemal, pleased with one such anonymous effort, pointed it out to Mustapha Kemal, and when his subordinate described it as sorry scribbler's stuff, his author's pride induced him to say it was a good thing and his own. Mustapha apologised coldly for his tactlessness as being the fruit of ignorance, and proceeded to read him a lecture. Without mentioning Enver, he warned Djemal against

being misled by persons who cherished chimeras. The leader must seek detachment and avoid factitious popularity. And as the tram which was taking them both from their office rattled noisily up the hill-side, Mustapha Kemal told his fellow-passenger that greatness consisted in flattering none, in deceiving none, and in seeing and pursuing the true and only ideal for one's country. And Djemal, he said, would not overcome the obstacles in his path unless he considered himself, not as a great man, but as one insignificant, weak, without resources, and with no one to look to but himself. 'And if after that,' he added, 'they call you a great man, you will merely laugh in the faces of those who say it.'

This curious anecdote, which comes to us from Mustapha Kemal, is worth quoting, because it is an epitome of the rules that have guided his own political conduct. He has pursued his career alone, and he stands to-day on the pinnacle which he postulates as essential for the leader. He admits no brother near his throne. One may add that Djemal's good nature was proof against this frankness of young (and for the moment disgruntled) ambition, and he, alone of the triumvirate, showed during the period of his power friendliness for Kemal.

In due course the revolutionary train, fired by Enver, carried the Third Army to Constantinople, and Mustapha Kemal, still on its staff, found himself in the Capital with the ideals for which he

had worked apparently achieved. The Sultan's despotism was ended, and in the relief occasioned by the removal of that nightmare of economic and intellectual stagnation all the various races within the Ottoman Empire rejoiced with fraternal enthusiasm. Whatever Mustapha Kemal's reactions may have been to the wave of sentiment that for the moment united Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and Jews, it was clear to him as the tide began to recede that he would have no place on the political foreshore. He already despised those who had been swept into power as bluffers and glib talkers, and felt a disgust—the admission comes a little strangely from one with his past—at the army's preoccupation with politics. Nursing his ambition and biding his time, he consoled himself with the reflection that one who shares the fortunes and opinions of the men of the moment cannot emerge from mediocrity and rise superior to his environment.

So Mustapha Kemal returned with ardour to the profession he had neglected, content, like Julius Cæsar, to wait until he had built up a military reputation and forged an instrument on which he could depend. Promoted Chief of Staff to the Macedonian Army, he was sent to follow the French military manœuvres in 1910, and on his return gave further proof of his quality in the manner in which he directed the Officers' Training School of the Third Army at Salonika. There his natural ascendance and talents drew a

following amongst the officers of the garrison. This fact and his independence towards his superiors caused his transfer to the command of the 38th Infantry. His smartness, however, made him suspect here as elsewhere, and the Inspector of the Third Army, in the belief that he was preparing a pronunciamento, reported him to Mahmoud Shevket, the Minister of War, and secured his removal to Constantinople, where he could be better watched. But the war-clouds heralding the storm were already above the horizon, and in the late summer of 1912 the Italian invasion of Tripoli inaugurated the decade of war from which Mustapha Kemal was destined to emerge as the Saviour and Autocrat of his country.

CHAPTER IV.

Mustapha Kemal establishes his military reputation at the Dardanelles. Enver's jealousy causes him to be sent to the Caucasus Front. Appointed to command an Army Corps on the Syrian Front, he quarrels with General von Falkenhayn and throws up his post.

CERTAIN incidents stand out in the record of that ten years' climb to power and help to illustrate the future Ghazi Pasha's energy of character and independence of mind. And from time to time the fog of war, shrouding much of his career during the period, lifts and we see him as the brilliant soldier, reaping the success that is the only criterion of the military art.

He began to accumulate war experience in Tripoli whither he hurried on the outbreak of hostilities with Italy, passing through Egypt in disguise, and only escaping arrest for this violation of neutrality through the connivance of an Egyptian police officer. The star of d'Artagnan's first cousin already shone with Sullan benignity. For whilst the Turkish Army in Macedonia was being overwhelmed by the Bulgarians before the astonished eyes of Europe, the Italians were

learning, also with astonishment, that warlike gestures were insufficient to achieve the conquest of Cyrenaica. It would have been some salve to their pride had they known that their disasters and reverses originated in the brain of a young Turkish Major destined to attain world-fame in less than a decade.

After a year as a guerilla chief, Mustapha Kemal hurried back to Europe in time to be with the Turkish Army that reoccupied Adrianople when the Bulgarians collapsed before the forces of King Constantine. His star held. And he had the grim satisfaction of seeing the incapacity of those placed in power by the revolution reflected in the ill-success of the new régime. To a disastrous war ensued a disastrous peace. The country was at sixes and sevens. Specially foolish seemed to him Enver Pasha's decision to entrust the reorganisation of the Army to a German Military Mission. It was the fruit both of folly and cowardice—cowardice for its lack of self-reliance in Turkish brains, folly in that it handed over the control and the secrets of the one going concern in Turkey to foreigners. Mustapha Kemal Bey, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, wrote a letter of protest immediately he heard of Enver's intention, a bold thing to do in Turkey, where the art of strangling opposition is thoroughly understood. But it remained unanswered—except by his appointment as Military Attaché in Sofia, which effectually prevented him from

spreading his misgivings among his brother officers. Thus Enver easily enough won the first round in their political duel. Mustapha Kemal was in Sofia when the Great War started, using his leisure by learning to dance but remaining in close touch with the political coteries in Constantinople.

From the first he disbelieved in the ultimate victory of the Central Powers, an opinion he maintained in the salons of the Bulgarian capital when the Germans were on the outskirts of Paris. At least so he has himself declared, and if we must discount these statements made twelve years later, his disapproval of Turkey's entry into the war is only in keeping with his own subsequent handling of Turkish foreign policy, the corner-stone of which has been to preserve the economic and political independence of his country. It was clear to him that a victorious Germany would make Turkey its satellite, whilst in defeat Turkey would be the first to suffer.

These sentiments did not, of course, prevent Kemal from wishing to go to the front, and he wrote to Enver asking for a post in the army suitable to his rank. The reply came that he could not be spared from Sofia, where his presence was considered particularly important. Not to be trifled with, he answered that if he was considered unworthy of being employed on active service, he would like to be told so openly. To this there was silence, and he was preparing, with the help

of the Minister at Sofia, the same Fethi Bey under whom he had served in Tripoli and who to-day is Ambassador in Paris, to go as a private soldier, when a telegram appointing him to the command of the 19th Division relieved him of this Dumasesque alternative. The sudden softening of Enver's heart was brought about by his defeat at Sarikamish on 4th January 1915. Under its chastening effect he decided to make use of Mustapha Kemal's military ambition, despite his dangers as a potential political rival.

When Mustapha Kemal presented himself at the Ministry of War he found a tired and distraught Enver, presiding over chaos. The real military power, however, no longer resided with this Boulanger, who thought himself an Alexander, but with General Liman von Sanders, the head of the German Military Mission, who had already countermanded some of the Turkish Generalissimo's more futile orders. Enver appeared neither to know, nor care, where Kemal would find his Division, and many subordinates of various departments of the General Staff assured him to their mutual astonishment that such a Division did not exist. At length he was forced to address himself to the German whose presence in the War Office he considered derogatory to the national dignity. General von Sanders's Turkish Chief of Staff admitted the dislocation of the war-machine and the non-existence of the 19th Division, but he added that it would prob-

ably be created by the reorganisation of the Third Army at the Dardanelles, and advised Kemal—if it were not too much trouble—to go there and find out for himself on the spot.

As the Straits were already indicated as the likely place for an Allied thrust on Constantinople, Mustapha Kemal was not slow to take the opportunity of being in the forefront of military operations. Before his departure he called on General Liman von Sandars, who received him cordially and asked him how things were shaping at Sofia. Were the Bulgarians soon to join in the war? Had they not been dazzled by the success of the German armies? When Kemal, with a directness which von Sandars was not accustomed to find in a Turk, doubted the imminence of Bulgarian intervention, he shook his fist; Kemal's quiet 'No' in answer to the further question whether the Bulgarians believed in the German victories made the German purple with rage.

'What do you think?' Liman von Sandars suddenly asked. 'Do you consider the Bulgarian attitude justified?'

Mustapha Kemal hesitated for a moment. Should he reply? To give his real opinion might jeopardise his command. On the other hand, the Bulgarian Generalissimo Fitchef had only recently convinced him that they were right in remaining neutral. Besides, why should he not speak his mind to a German General who

had taken on himself the task of defending the Straits? So he answered laconically that he considered the Bulgarians to be justified, where-upon von Sandars rose and terminated the conversation. He was to have many other proofs of Mustapha Kemal's independence before the war ended.

In justice to Liman von Sandars one may say that his subordinate's asperity of character did not blind him to his qualities, and he has written in appreciation of Mustapha Kemal's 'verantwortungsfreudige Führernatur.' It was deserved, for the 19th Division did brilliantly on the 25th April when its commander, on his own initiative, launched an attack against the Australian forces during the most critical hours of the morning, and it was Mustapha Kemal's generalship that prevented General Birdwood from using his superior numbers to push home the success of the landing at Anzac. Mustapha Kemal continued to handle his Division with ability and resolution, earning von Sandars's encomium as a born leader of men.

But the larger responsibility that he craved was denied him. He had the unqualified respect of the British Staff as a brave and honourable enemy, although the glimpse we have of him on Empire Day working as a sergeant in one of the Turkish burial-parties during the Armistice negotiated by Aubrey Herbert may be on the border line of what is permissible to the honour of arms. For

three months he had to watch inefficiency rampant. Never afraid of unpopularity with his superiors, he wrote reports to Enver expressing the anxieties he felt regarding the outcome of the campaign. Neither did he mince his words to Headquarters at Gallipoli. One day, for instance, a Turkish staff officer rang him up on behalf of Liman von Sandars and asked him what he thought of the situation. Kemal, who had kept G.H.Q. regularly informed of his views and proposed operations, replied with heat that every opportunity had been missed by the Higher Command, and that now only one course suggested itself to him. Requested to state it, he said that it was to entrust to him all the troops under von Sandars's orders.

'Wouldn't that be too many?' came the ironical question.

'It would not be enough,' was his grim reply.

'A clear-thinking, active, quiet man who knew what he wanted,' writes a German officer¹ on von Sandars's staff of Mustapha Kemal at this time. 'He weighed and decided everything for himself without looking elsewhere for agreement with his opinions. He spoke but little, was always reserved and retiring without being unfriendly. Although wiry, he was not very strong.'

Liman von Sandars appreciated the worth of this unusually efficient divisional commander, who

¹ General Hans Kannengieser.

had successfully repelled every attack in the Ari-burnou sector, and when on the 8th of August it seemed as if the Suvla Bay operations might result in turning the Turkish positions on the Straits, he gave command of all the troops in the Anafarta region to Mustapha Kemal. After the first counter-attack ordered by Kemal failed, the newly promoted general maintained his sang-froid. The staff at Chanak Bair were anxious and did not conceal their fears. Unlike his predecessor, who was 'as nervous as a cat,' Kemal preserved an unruffled calm that deeply impressed those around him. 'Don't be anxious,' he said in a matter of fact voice, 'the situation is not so grave as you think. I will come to you and we will settle everything.' Another Turkish counter-attack was delivered by his orders later in the same morning, which drove the British back towards the coast in many places. In spite of this the situation still remained critical for the Turks on the morning of the 10th. And Mustapha Kemal led in person the famous assault at dawn on Koja Chemen Tepe, which resulted in his troops remaining in possession of the heights of this key-situation. The last British attacks delivered against Kemal's positions on 21st August were repulsed after he had thrown all his reserves, including the cavalry, into the line. Though his troops had suffered heavily from all this fighting, Mustapha Kemal, who was constantly in the line, himself emerged unscathed,

his narrowest escape being when a shell splinter was embedded in his watch.

The Dardanelles were saved, thanks not a little to his exertions. When he returned to Constantinople, now something of a personage, he had no intention of playing the silent soldier. On the contrary he talked more than ever, and found many ready to listen. He even unburdened himself to ministers. Enver—still regarded by our Foreign Office three years later as the 'Turks' man of destiny—he knew to be incompetent, and not even the arguments of the General Staff Officer, who combined journalism with his military duties, could convince him that the Vice Commander-in-Chief (the titular Commander-in-Chief being the Sultan) was more than a bluffer. The ready-tongued Talaat discussed high policy with him and imprudently vaunted to a common friend that he had carried off the honours of the argument—a boast that Mustapha Kemal did not forget.

To the Minister of Foreign Affairs he showed his teeth. This man, an arriviste afterwards to be one of the accused in the conspiracy trials of 1926, had played the common oriental trick of making Mustapha Kemal *faire antichambre*. At last when the messenger summoned him, Kemal, then talking to the Under-Secretary, replied: 'Let him wait!' and finished his conversation before entering the Minister's room. The cold water he proceeded to throw on official optimism

still further irritated the Foreign Minister, who told him that he was ill-informed on the military situation and that the General Staff did not share his views. Kemal riposted that he at least knew the army at first hand and that the General Staff consisted simply of the German Mission which had long ago tried to expel him from the service as a rebel. Then he walked out, to laugh a few days later when news was brought him that the Foreign Minister had reported him to the Cabinet and demanded his punishment.

The sardonic laughter, which alone makes the incident worthy of record, rings with the spiritual, almost mystic, note that ultimately becomes the key to his political philosophy. For we may so designate the belief in the basic sovereignty of the people that, despite the paradox of his absolutism, underlies his conception of government as exemplified in the constitution of the Republic over which he rules. He laughed—for he told himself that these nonentities held only the appearance of power. They were the ministers of a rotten régime, presided over by a morally and physically degenerate sovereign. Had they been able to act with impunity he knew they would have hanged him—as subsequently he hanged his enemies. But they were afraid, and Mustapha Kemal, still as he describes himself a humble Colonel, was the first to wish they would dare to let his ‘rebellion’ be known to the whole nation.

They did not hang Mustapha Kemal who remained in Constantinople, watching, waiting, talking. But if he only gathered together the threads of opposition tentatively, feeling that the time was not yet ripe for him, others were less cautious. The ruling junta of the Committee of Union and Progress, well served like all Turkish governments by the secret police, had their eyes on him, and to place him out of the way of mischief, gave him command of the Sixteenth Army Corps on the Caucasus front, where he would be far from the Capital and have little opportunity of distinction, for during 1915 the military situation in that theatre of war had gone from bad to worse. And whilst they preferred not to strike at him directly, they could make an example of some less important person. This happened to be a certain Colonel Yacoub Djemil, who had a private grudge against Enver. Since the Ghazi Pasha, with his unrivalled knowledge of the way things move in the political underworld of Turkey, subsequently described the affair as mysterious, a foreigner can hardly hope to understand its ramifications. It may suffice to say that Yacoub Djemil was hanged for plotting against the life of Enver, for whom he wished to substitute Mustapha Kemal, and that one Hilmi Bey, an army doctor who had been working at the same office in Constantinople as Yacoub Djemil and was implicated in the plot, sought the protection of Mustapha Kemal, his friend since boyhood,

at his headquarters near Diabekir. When he explained what had happened, Kemal only laughed and said : ' Well, doctor, you've got out of it cheaply,' and secured his safety by appointing him on his staff, where doctors were badly needed, for the men under his command, miserably clothed—they were expected to meet the rigour of the Caucasian winter in their summer uniforms—and miserably fed, were dying like flies.

During the winter of 1916-17 cold, starvation, and typhus took desperate toll of the Turkish armies in Eastern Anatolia. Corruption was rampant in the supply services, the profiteers sharing their gain with the military authorities. We can only presume that Mustapha Kemal kept his personal integrity in such an atmosphere by our knowledge that the Germans subsequently found him unbribeable, and that the reports, with which he continued to bombard the Ministry of War, showed his disapproval of the state of affairs. Yet his military star still held. Had the Russian Revolution not broken out, the Turkish armies in the Caucasus could hardly have escaped being overwhelmed by the offensive for which the Grand Duke Nicholas had been energetically preparing all through the previous winter. The withdrawal of the Russians enabled Mustapha Kemal, now promoted to the command of the Second Army, to reoccupy Bitlis and Mush in the general advance that followed on the treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

Once more he returned to Constantinople a successful general but a pessimistic politician. He was under no illusions. Ultimate defeat he saw to be inevitable, and he shared in no way the enthusiasm at the creation of the so-called Yilderim—Lightning—Army which had been given this grandiose name in anticipation of its rapid recapture of Baghdad. That the German General von Falkenhayn had been put in supreme command damned it for him from the start, and it was unwillingly that he accepted the command of the Seventh Army. 'Money laughs,' says the Turkish proverb, and Falkenhayn, true to this adage, thought to win the support of Kemal by the good old system of bribery. A German staff officer, accompanied by a Turk, brought him one morning some elegant 'coffrets' filled with gold coin. As neither messenger seemed to know anything about its purpose, Mustapha Kemal gave them a receipt, and took the boxes with him to his headquarters at Aleppo. There relations between Falkenhayn and Mustapha Kemal grew strained, and after a few weeks their differences, on military and specially upon political questions, became so acute that he handed over his command and the gold coin to General Ali Riza Pasha, being supported in this by Djemal Pasha, his former chief at Salonika.

Djemal, the titular Minister of Marine, had been ruling Syria with autocratic incompetency

since 1915, and was ready to back any opposition to German influence. Both Enver and Falkenhayn tried to persuade Kemal to remain, and when he proved obdurate they suggested he should return to his former command of the Second Army at Diabekir. This, too, he refused, and so, to save appearances and keep up some pretence of discipline, he was granted a month's leave. But he stayed in Aleppo until he had received his receipt back from Falkenhayn, sending his aide-de-camp with orders to tell the German General that his gold was intact, but that the signature of Mustapha Kemal, more precious than any gold, could not be left with him—a gesture which has already become an old man's tale. He was about to start when he discovered that he had absolutely no money. His only property consisted of his chargers, and these nobody would buy. At last the faithful Djemal came to the rescue, and with two thousand gold pounds in his pocket Mustapha Kemal returned to Constantinople, installed himself at the Palace Hotel, and prepared to await the collapse of the régime to which he had always been opposed.

CHAPTER V.

Mustapha Kemal visits the Western Front as a member of the Turkish Heir-apparent's Suite. He talks with the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and others.

UNTIL two months before the Armistice Mustapha Kemal took no further active part in events. For the better part of a year this man of consummate energy was content to wait, knowing that Turkey must pay to the uttermost for the folly and incompetence of its rulers. He was as sure as ever that Talaat and Enver must be deposed, as confident that he alone could save his country. But he had no lever by which he could hoist himself to power. Whilst in this uneasy but otiose situation, he was chosen to accompany Prince Wahid-ed-Din—afterwards to be the Sultan Mohamed VI.—on a visit to the German Western Front as the representative of the Turkish General Staff. The choice was fortunate in that it presents us with some sharp and intimate—if such a word can ever be used of a Turk—pictures of the future Ghazi.

Mustapha Kemal's first meeting with the Prince did not prepossess him favourably. He and

Nadji Pasha, Kemal's old instructor at the Military College, who was also to travel with the imperial party, were received at the same time by the heir apparent. This first introduction at Court took place in a large room, the floor and walls covered with Arabic rugs and hangings, and otherwise destitute of furniture except for a sofa and two arm-chairs. Amidst a crowd of courtiers in the black frock coat and fez that were then the official dress, there appeared a stout, flaccid faced man, also in the same ugly clothes. This was the Prince who, acknowledging their obeisance, seated himself on the sofa and motioned them to the arm-chairs. Having made this effort, he closed his eyes and seemed sunk in a profound reverie. After a time he lifted his eyelids wearily and observed that he was flattered and happy to make Mustapha Kemal's acquaintance. Then the heavy lids dropped again. Would he have sufficient strength to say anything more? In silence they waited and wondered. At last the imperial eyes reopened, the large lips began to move, and slowly framed the question: 'We are going to travel, isn't that so?' Mustapha Kemal had the impression he was talking to a half-wit, and as he and Nadji Pasha withdrew they exchanged reflections on the fate of a nation entrusted to such hands.

The most uncourtier-like irritation marked the beginning of his mission. Annoyed that he had lost his acting rank and was now again only a

Colonel, he felt furious when, contrary to his advice, the Prince arrived at the station in mufti, and proceeded to acknowledge the salute of the guard of honour by lifting both his hands simultaneously to his forehead. This traditional gesture struck him as unseemly and unnatural. (To make it now is a penal offence.) When Mustapha Kemal protested to the Master of Ceremonies at the Prince's slight upon the army, he was told that the Prince found military uniform unsuitable for the comfort of his person. However, they got away in the end, the heir to the throne standing at the window as the train steamed out of the station, and in obedience to Kemal's behests saluting the crowd upon the platform. His punctilio had to submit to a further shock when he found that the compartment he had been allotted was at the far end of the train and had been filled with other people's baggage. He protested in vain. But he laughs best who laughs last, and the member of the suite who then snubbed Kemal can now regret in exile his uppishness on that occasion.

The virtue inherent in royalty soon mended this unfortunate start. Whilst the train was rumbling across the plains of Thrace, Wahid-ed-Din summoned Mustapha Kemal to the royal carriage and received him with open eyes and frank regrets that he had not seen him before. This affability, with the balm of flattering words upon his victories, caused him to doubt the

accuracy of his first impression, and he was ready to believe that the Prince was not such a fool after all. A few more private talks almost persuaded him that Wahid-ed-Din might prove a useful figurehead for ministers of real ability, and he blamed the corrupt political atmosphere of Stamboul for having hitherto prevented the heir to the throne from showing his true personality. With Mustapha Kemal to advise him he might yet shake himself and Turkey free from the influence of the villain of the peace—Enver.

The train, after less than the usual vicissitudes of war-travel, drew up on 17th December 1917 at Spa, where were the German General Headquarters. Nothing had been omitted by the Germans to impress their guests. On the platform stood the Kaiser, with Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and a large staff. The soldiers forming the guard of honour 'looked like giants.' The Kaiser stepped forward and exchanged a ceremonial embrace with the Prince as he alighted. When the Prince's Staff were introduced, the Kaiser, shaking hands with Mustapha Kemal, said in a loud voice for all to hear: 'Sixteenth Army Corps . . . Anafarta. . . .' Amidst general attention the Emperor asked him whether he was the same Mustapha Kemal who had commanded the Sixteenth Army Corps and had won the victory of Anafarta, and he replied: 'Yes, Your Excellency,' the last recorded solecism he was to commit through shyness.

A defiant mistrust was, however, the prevailing colour of Mustapha Kemal's mood whilst the German General Staff were doing everything possible to convince their visitors of the ultimate certainty of victory. When the Prince visited Hindenburg, the German Generalissimo, seated at his table in his tiny office, gave him an optimistic exposé of operations and received the thanks of the Prince for his cheering news. Mustapha Kemal would have liked to know whether Hindenburg was telling them what was really in his mind, or was simply dealing out soothing syrup. If etiquette prevented him from joining in the conversation, he felt less restraint in the presence of Ludendorff, upon whom they called next. He received them in a way equally flattering, and he talked glibly of the brilliant expectations raised by the German offensive then proceeding upon the Western front. But Mustapha Kemal, the technical soldier, saw that this was a mere local operation, and at length cut short Ludendorff's generalisations with a question of fact: 'How far, when all calculations had been made, could the offensive reach?'

This unexpected intervention of a member of the Prince's Staff caused Ludendorff to pause. The satellites of royalty were not expected to be so outspoken. So, looking hard at Kemal, he said: 'We, for our part, are making an offensive. We shall see what will be the course

of events.' His questioner would not leave it there, and pointed out that in the present case it was unnecessary to await eventualities, or the decision of chance, to appreciate the result of the operations. 'In effect,' he added, 'this offensive is only a local one.' Ludendorff looked still harder at Kemal, but said nothing, and the interview ended on this note of scepticism. It was evident that in this Turkish Colonel the Germans had an awkward customer to deal with—and their misgivings reached the ear of the Kaiser.

With that passion for persuading others, by force if necessary, which has characterised his rule, Mustapha Kemal, now that he was in the very brain of the German war-machine, did not remain silent as he saw his convictions of Germany's future defeat strengthened, and he talked often and at length to the Prince and Nadji Pasha of the need for Turkey to remove the blinkers placed upon their country by the Germans. One day he was holding forth on this subject and the Prince was proving particularly appreciative, when the sounds reached them of unusual activity in their hotel, which also served for the General Headquarters. A knock at the door was followed by the intimation that the Kaiser had come to pay the Prince a visit. They had hardly time to rise and group themselves when the Emperor entered the room. His manner, his ease and affability bore for Kemal the

stamp of the true 'gentleman'—a word now out of favour in the land of its birth—and he admired the way in which he paid a tribute to the fidelity and devotion Turkey had shown to its Allies. But when the All-Highest went on to eulogise Enver Pasha, saying that he was carrying out his task in a way of which they could not speak too highly, and that the Heads of the General Staff had an unbounded admiration for his distinguished ability, Mustapha Kemal suddenly felt 'tired and distraught.'

The Prince, with Kemal's words fresh in his mind, thanked the Kaiser, but pointed out that Turkey was receiving mortal blows which would soon crush her altogether unless the enemy's efforts could be neutralised. Somewhat theatrically the Kaiser rose and addressing his guest as 'Honourable Prince and Heir to the Turkish Throne,' said he was sorry that there were persons who tried to make him anxious. Could doubts, he asked, still persist in the Prince's mind when he, the German Emperor, had spoken of the success which in the near future would crown the German arms? When the Prince, replying as before through the intermediary of Nadji Pasha, who took care not to weaken the royal sentiments in translation, said that his doubts persisted, the Kaiser, despairing of this obstinate oriental, took his leave. They accompanied him to the corridor, where he shook hands with the Prince and Nadji Pasha. He looked at

Mustapha Kemal, whose depression of spirits kept him in the background, and began to walk away. After two or three steps he turned. 'Excuse me,' he said, holding out his hand, 'I have not shaken hands with you,' and Mustapha Kemal, not without reason, pays a tribute to the delicacy and kindliness of this imperial gesture.

An ulterior motive for it, however, lay in the fact that the Emperor realised that Mustapha Kemal was not a man to be neglected, and at an imperial dinner-party told Ludendorff across the table to cultivate his neighbour. Mustapha Kemal, who was thus indicated, knew enough German to understand the Kaiser's order, which Ludendorff, whose brain was tired and French poor, carried out only passably. At least he avoided serious military topics. It mattered perhaps less since Mustapha Kemal had no great opinion of Ludendorff. Towards Hindenburg he felt otherwise, and after dinner, when he observed this commanding figure, 'whose eyes saw to the heart of things and whose tongue knew the value of silence,' standing by himself, he decided to beard him in conversation.

Emboldened by the excellent champagne and the fact that Hindenburg had talked to Wahid-ed-Din about the situation in Syria, he reopened this question on which he had the advantage of first-hand knowledge. On the Field-Marshal assuring him that the Cavalry Division from the Second Army—which Kemal had recently com-

manded—had been sent as reinforcements to Palestine, his scepticism grew stronger than before, for he knew that this Division existed as a fighting force only on paper. And he told his formidable informant that the reports he received might not be in conformity with the facts. ‘Let us admit, Marshal,’ he went on, ‘that the situation in Syria has not yet been re-established. What of the Western front? You are making an important offensive there and yet I doubt whether you expect much from it. Won’t you tell me privately its aim and what is the objective you so confidently count upon?’ Hindenburg seemed to listen attentively to these questions. If he thought them indiscreet or impertinent, he did not show it by any expression on his imposing countenance. He only stretched out his hand and indicated a table whereon stood cigars and cigarettes, accompanying the movement with the words: ‘Excellency, may I offer you a cigarette?’

Meanwhile the Kaiser, whose animation was proof against the Turkish phlegm of the obese Osmanlı Prince, had been watching the pair and asked Hindenburg what Kemal had said. ‘Various things, Sire,’ was the discreet response. Kemal lit his cigarette and manœuvred his way to the side of Wahid-ed-Din to whisper the question whether the Kaiser had dissipated the doubts Mustapha Kemal had dinned into his royal ears. When the Prince said no, he advised

him to go on plying the Kaiser with them. 'It won't please him,' he added, 'but at least he will realise there exist men in Turkey capable of seeing the truth.' Decidedly, the representative of the Turkish General Staff was a troublesome person.

Their programme then took them to the actual front where the intention was to impress them with 'grandiose spectacles.' Again Mustapha Kemal played the rôle of *enfant terrible*, when in the course of travels they reached the headquarters of a certain army, where the General gave them a lecture on the operations in progress, illustrated by a map of many colours. The technical brilliance of this war-school lesson quite overwhelmed the amateur Wahid-ed-Din, and he turned to Kemal to corroborate his admiration. 'Ask to see the actual terrain marked on the map,' was the professional soldier's reply. The Prince did so, and they were escorted towards the firing-line. All preparations had been made for their arrival, and officers of various ranks united in treating them with excessive deference. But Mustapha Kemal, more suspicious than ever at all this spoon-feeding, asked to be allowed to visit a point on the map outside their proposed route. After some hesitation consent was given, and he made for a tree in the branches of which an artillery observer was posted. After the young officer had reported the result of his observations, Kemal received permission to climb

the tree and see for himself. He found the situation as the other had said, and felt a soldier's pleasure in being at last with officers who had no political axe to grind. They discussed their difficulties together, and for the first time Kemal discovered German officers who admitted the gravity of the situation.

Sometimes there was a lighter touch. The elderly inelasticity of the German generals, for instance, tickled his sense of humour. Thus he was riding behind the lines with one such grizzled veteran who commanded an army, when his companion, after a few leading but unsuccessful questions about Kemal's functions towards the Prince, remarked: 'You have a soldier's eye. Have you commanded troops in Turkey?' Kemal replied in the affirmative. 'A regiment at least?' the German hazarded, and Kemal replied that he had at one time commanded a regiment. 'Have you commanded a Division?' Again Kemal gave an affirmative answer. 'Excuse me,' said the German, 'I command an army corps and am old enough to be your father. Would you be good enough to tell me what formation you last commanded?' Mustapha Kemal, unbending to such deferential curiosity, said that he too after commanding a corps had been at the head of an army. The German, now more interested than ever, thereupon exclaimed: 'Good gracious! How remiss we have been in not giving you the title of

Excellency to which your rank gives you the right ! ’

And sometimes, on the other hand, tempers—or at least Kemal’s—grew frayed, and then the phlegmatic Prince, for whom the mere fact of taking breath constituted a serious problem of life, inhaled anything but a serene, courtier-like atmosphere. It happened that the Governor of Alsace, who was entertaining the party, had led the conversation round to the Armenian question, one of the major horrors of the war, which shocked Germany as it shocked the rest of Europe. The Governor pressed the Prince about the plight of that ill-advised and unfortunate people, and Wahid-ed-Din, unable to cope with his host single-handed, called in Mustapha Kemal, as having been recently in the Armenian country, to counter the German criticisms. Characteristically, for the Armenians somehow lack the faculty of inspiring either respect or affection in the other races with whom they live side by side, Kemal jumped on to his very highest horse. He records that he was stupefied to find the Governor of a German province presuming to discuss such a question with the future Padishah and he did not attempt to conceal it. ‘I am astonished,’ he said—again he is his own biographer—‘that in so important a province as this the German Governor, who is doubtless a man of worth, should choose to discuss such a subject with the heir to the

Turkish throne. I should like to know who influences you to talk against Turkey, which has sacrificed its moral and material existence to the German alliance. Do you slander an ally in favour of the Armenians who are trying to cheat the world into re-establishing a national existence which is lost in the night of time?' The Governor, to smooth down this Tartar, said that he only knew of the question at second-hand and was probably ill-informed. 'Monsieur le Gouverneur,' Kemal answered, 'we others have not come here to talk of the Armenian question, but on a mission to visit the Western front, and to become acquainted with the real situation of the German army, our ally and our support. We have seen what we have seen and we now return sufficiently edified.' And the Governor's reply to this outburst was to ask the Prince to pass into the dining-room.

The tour left Mustapha Kemal convinced that the crash must come, and with it the occasion for his own intervention. But he did not yet see how this was to be staged. That he was far from envisaging the rôle destiny reserved for him is evident from the conversation with the Prince when they were at the Hotel Adlon, preparing to leave for home. He was now able to talk confidentially to his future sovereign, and he began by saying that they were both acquainted with the vicissitudes which had marked their country's history. They were again at a time

which might well inspire fear and disquietude. 'I am going to propose something,' he went on, 'with the promise, if you accept it, of uniting my life to yours.' And he asked the Prince if he agreed.

The Prince told him to speak on, and Kemal then pointed out how in Germany all the Princes were given definite functions, and that Wahid-ed-Din should be treated in the same way. 'Demand the command of an Army,' he said, 'and I will be your Chief of Staff.' The heir apparent, who was not such a fool as he looked, asked which army. 'The Fifth,' replied Kemal, and Wahid-ed-Din, knowing that this Army stood nearest to Constantinople, and in the event of a crisis would prove the decisive political factor, said that such a request on his part would only meet with refusal. When Kemal insisted that he should ask all the same, Wahid-ed-Din closed the conversation by saying that they would think about it when they reached Constantinople. Had the project come to anything—and Mustapha Kemal still regarded it seriously some months later when the Prince had succeeded to the throne of his fathers—the history of post-war Turkey might have been written in different terms, though it is hard to believe that Mustapha Kemal could for long have been Mayor of the Palace to this degenerate scion of the imperial Osmanli stock.

Was the offer, indeed, sincerely meant?

Young ambition in want of a ladder is not over nice of the means to climb into power, and Mustapha Kemal, seeing the crash approaching, could not afford to play a waiting game much longer. An army command was an essential preliminary to political action. If he returned to Syria he might lose his own already half-forgotten military prestige in the defeat he knew to be inevitable, and he also would be too far from the Capital to control events. His want of sympathy with the grandiose schemes of Enver in the Caucasus, where the reckless adventurer hoped to annex territories that would more than counterbalance the loss of the Arab provinces, made an appointment in that region impossible. Prince Wahid-ed-Din therefore seemed to him at this time the only means by which he could grasp political power, and the opportunism of the realist told him to use it if he could.

CHAPTER VI.

Mustapha Kemal is undergoing a cure at Carlsbad in July 1918 when he is unofficially recalled to Constantinople. Enver, who is still jealous, renews his appointment to the command of the Syrian Army in August 1918. He shares in the general debacle.

It is impossible to believe that Prince Wahid-ed-Din, who had acted as jackal to his brother Abdul Hamid during that red sultanate, could ever have fallen sufficiently under the influence of Mustapha Kemal to have become the Sultan of a reformed Turkey. Anyhow, an affection of the kidneys which attacked Kemal immediately on his return to Constantinople kept him in bed for some weeks and effectually prevented any attempt to galvanise the unwieldy Wahid-ed-Din into action. Then, still a sick man, he went to Vienna to consult a specialist. While undergoing a cure at Carlsbad, some friends called on him one day in the July of 1918 and told him of Wahid-ed-Din's accession. With mixed feelings he reflected that the Prince, whom not long ago he had looked upon as almost his pupil, was now Sultan and Padishah and Caliph. He hardly

knew whether he was glad or sorry, whether or no he regretted his absence from the Turkish Capital at such a moment. It seemed unreal to him in his 'torpid' state and, beyond sending a telegram of congratulations to his new master, he took no immediate step to profit from the change of rulers.

Mustapha Kemal, for all his pardonable egoism, remains the typical Turk in hiding from us the workings of his mind, and we shall probably never know the mental processes that have forged his radicalism. His withdrawal to Carlsbad, by making patent to him the disintegration of the Austrian Empire, must have strengthened his conviction that Turkey could only save and reform herself by her own exertions. There is no evidence that he already foresaw, even dimly, the extent of the changes which he himself was later to impose upon his country.

His torpidity, the 'dryness' that visits saints and captains alike, familiar to a Napoleon as to a St Teresa, lasted on. Until the end of the month he lingered at Carlsbad against the advice of telegrams and letters from his friends. Then Spanish influenza exacted a toll of some days in Vienna, and only in August did he once again find himself at the Pera Palace with no encouraging prospect before him. The best line of action still appeared to be through Wahid-ed-Din, now Sultan Mohamed VI., and his first audience with his sovereign was not unfavour-

able. At least it began well, for Mohamed VI. received him with every mark of esteem, motioning him to a chair and even handing him a cigarette and a lighted match. Thus encouraged, Kemal, with the Sultan's permission, proceeded to develop the ideas he had broached at the Hotel Adlon some months before. Let the Sultan assume personal command of the army. Let him appoint Kemal his Chief of Staff. In this way the post of Vice Commander-in-Chief would lapse. Enver would be supplanted, and with a tight hold of the military machine Mohamed VI.—and Mustapha Kemal—would be ready to meet the crisis looming ahead.

We can be sure that Mustapha Kemal spoke eloquently. It was in essence the theme which had exercised his thoughts and tongue for fifteen years. As he watched the vast physiognomy of the Sultan, he thought he detected gleams of intelligence in those flaccid features. But as he went on talking the imperial eyes closed and the heavy face took on the likeness of a debauched Buddha. When Mustapha Kemal ceased there was silence. At length came the question: 'Are there any other army leaders who share your views?' 'There are,' Kemal answered. 'We will think about it,' said the Padishah.

An unsatisfactory audience—but Mustapha Kemal could not afford to relinquish his efforts to drive a wedge between the Sultan and the ruling clique of the Committee of Union and

Progress. At a second interview the Sultan warily kept Izzet Pasha—his chief aide-de-camp—with him the whole time, with the result that the conversation never emerged from generalities. The third, a *tête-à-tête*, proved decisive. This time the Sultan emerged from his passivity and insisted that above all it was necessary to ensure the provisioning of Constantinople—to Kemal a mere secondary detail. He, on his side, pointed out that he would only be Sultan in name as long as the real power remained in the hands of others. Then the Sultan let the cat out of the bag by remarking that he had arranged with Talaat and Enver what measures should be taken. Talaat and Enver! Mustapha Kemal was flabbergasted. The old fox, he thought. A few months ago Wahid-ed-Din had agreed with all his criticisms of this precious pair; now he had leagued himself with them in leaving the country to its ruin. Kemal's own conscience was clear. He was absolved from his loyalty. He would never regard Mohamed VI. as more than a tool, to be used and cast aside as suited his purpose. His inward ragings contrasted with the infinite weariness imprinted on the Sultan's face, as with closed eyes and lips Mohamed VI. shook hands with his outspoken subject whose ambition outran his means of gratifying it.

In his room at the Pera Palace, Mustapha Kemal gave rein to his chagrin at the failure of his schemes. He told himself that the Padishah was

an intriguer, a worthless creature, no better than the hundreds one met daily in the Levantine populace of Constantinople. Some other means would have to be found for saving the State. But what? The answer eludes us, as Mustapha Kemal for the moment goes to ground and we lose sight of his activities. Whatever these were, Enver thought him dangerous, and decided on a neat strategem to remove him from Constantinople.

Syria, where the military situation grew worse daily, was clearly the place for the able and disgruntled general. Not so simple was the problem of getting him there, for Mustapha Kemal had already thrown up his command once, and a mere order from the Vice Commander-in-Chief he might easily ignore. Greater pressure would have to be brought to bear. Enver decided that an imperial irade, delivered personally by the Sultan in the presence of many witnesses, was the best weapon to use. The last round between these two antagonists therefore took place after the Friday Selamlık at Yıldız Kiosk. When Mustapha Kemal was informed that the Sultan wished to speak with him, he protested against his audience taking place in the presence of the German officers of the General Staff who accompanied His Majesty on these ceremonial occasions. Whisperings in the imperial ear by Nadji Pasha had no effect. The Padishah insisted, and Mustapha Kemal had to introduce

himself into the royal presence, and to listen to the Sultan's eulogy of his services. This panegyric ended with the announcement that he had appointed Kemal Commander-in-Chief in Syria, whither he must proceed at once. And inspired by the cunning that Kemal now knew to be the principal ingredient in the royal character, the Sultan to sweeten the pill said many more kind things about his character and talents.

What should he do? Point out the impossibility of the task? Remind His Majesty that he had already resigned a Syrian command? Ask for a more precise definition of his powers? As he scrutinised his sovereign, Kemal decided that he was not worth arguing with, and bowing took his leave. In the ante-room a smiling Enver advanced to meet him. 'Bravo,' said Kemal, sardonically. 'I congratulate you. You've had your own way.' And then more seriously: 'From what I hear and know of the situation, my dear Enver, the Syrian Army only exists on paper. In sending me back there you've taken a fine revenge. Besides you've done something contrary to all tradition, for you have caused the Padishah to give me an order in person.'

Enver and the Pashas around him laughed. Mustapha Kemal, unable to show his real feelings, could at least vent some of his anger on the Germans. For he heard one of the same officers who had been attending the Sultan now holding forth to his fellows on the demerits of the

Turkish soldier. They were cattle, he was saying, who only knew how to bolt, and he envied no one the command of such hopeless material. Kemal turned fiercely on this tactless Teuton: 'Pasha,' he said, 'I, too, am a soldier, and I have commanded Turkish soldiers. They do not run away. They do not know the meaning of the word. If you have seen any turn their backs, it is because they were following your example. When the General runs, it is disgraceful to put the blame upon the Turkish soldier.'

Mustapha Kemal was to prove his words up to the hilt, but against Greek, not British bayonets, and not even his prowess could stave off the debacle which threatened in Palestine. When he ascertained on the spot that the state of the vaunted Yilderim army was even worse than he had supposed, Mustapha Kemal realised even more vividly the 'fine revenge' Enver had taken. Yet the best laid schemes miscarry, and whilst Kemal did his duty in a hopeless situation, and became thereby for the first time a national figure, battling point by point against the British and French interpretation of the Mudros Armistice, the leaders of the Committee of Union and Progress had scattered in flight. To the born leader, indeed, no situation is hopeless. The darker it appears, the greater call upon the moral qualities, the greater the chance of turning the contents of the melting-pot into a mould of his own contriving. Kemal in those dark days

of September and October 1918 had to meet the heaviest demands, and it is in keeping with his character that, when the collapse was complete and the German officers handed over their authority, he experienced a feeling of spiritual exaltation at finding himself actual Commander-in-Chief of the remnants of the Syrian Army. At that moment his mood was one with the ecstasy of the saint and the rapture of the artist. For the first time he who rejoiced in responsibility was on the verge of power and of the creation that comes in its train.

Outwardly, little justified such a frame of mind, for, since the final offensive of Lord Allenby's, which drove Mustapha Kemal from his headquarters at Nablous on 20th September, he had witnessed the disintegration of the forces under his command. With difficulty he had regained Damascus, where he took counsel with his two army generals, Ismet Pasha and Ali Fouad Pasha, both of whom were to play an important part in the future Nationalist movement. A meeting with the German Headquarters Staff at Rayak enabled him for the last time to use plain words to these foreign interlopers, who objected to his orders to continue the retreat upon Aleppo. But Liman von Sandars, whom he saw at Homs, knew that the game was up, and did not disguise his relief when Kemal undertook to give orders which von Sandars, as a German, did not feel entitled to issue.

Still suffering from his kidneys, which had kept him in bed during his last week at Nablous, he managed to inspire the remnant of his troops with his own morale, and they reached Aleppo in safety. Here he narrowly escaped capture or death. The story that he was actually taken prisoner by Colonel T. E. Lawrence, and that these two picturesque characters spent the whole night in converse, Colonel Lawrence in the morning allowing Kemal to go free in consideration of his superiority of character and intellect, passes for history in the smoking-rooms of the Clubs in St James's. It is undisputed that a sudden incursion of Beduin into Aleppo caused Mustapha Kemal, attended only by an A.D.C. and an orderly, to hasten to the spot, where his car was surrounded and brought to a standstill. Standing up, with a crop in his hand, he asked then who was their sheikh. 'We are all sheikhs,' they shouted in the true anarchic spirit of the desert. The anger of the Turk and his pride of race were roused at this exhibition of an Arab rout, and striking hard with his whip he drove them back. They were cowed by his masterfulness, and a leader stood forward. Kemal, saying he sympathised with their grievances, told him to call at headquarters that evening when he paid him a thousand gold pieces. But gold would not keep them quiet, and the next day they burst into the hotel where Kemal was lying ill in bed. He and his staff drove them out, but it

was the prelude to street-fighting and the Turkish evacuation of the town. This, and a minor engagement with the British and Arabs on the Alexandretta road outside Aleppo brought Mustapha Kemal's experiences in the Great War to a squalid end. Two days later, on 30th October, the Armistice of Mudros was signed, and a new phase began in the history of his country.

CHAPTER VII.

Mustapha Kemal is unable to obtain political power, and after spending the winter in Constantinople trying to persuade the Sultan to show a firm front to the Allies, he determines to start a revolutionary movement in Anatolia.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL had never trusted the Allies to make a 'reasonable' peace, and he had no belief in the virtue of appeals to the Allies' pity. For President Wilson's fourteen points he could feel little except contempt. 'Poor Wilson,' said the realist of the idealist, 'did not understand that no principle can protect a frontier defended neither by force nor by the sentiment of honour.' Only by Turkish bayonets could the vital existence of Turkey be maintained. Before even the fall of the Talaat-Enver Ministry, Mustapha Kemal, actuated by no false modesty, had sent a telegram to the Sultan supporting the nomination of Izzet Pasha as Grand Vizier, and suggesting his own appointment as Minister of War. Again he was to be disappointed, for whilst Izzet became Prime Minister, he did not offer to include Kemal in his Cabinet, merely expressing the hope

that after the peace Kemal would collaborate with him.

The disappointment must have been the keener for hitherto Enver had always been the bar to his advancement. Yet, though Enver was now a discredited fugitive, Mustapha Kemal's way was blocked. He knew peace to be far off, and the promises of Izzet, who was little better than any other of the politicians, did not deceive him for an instant. So replying drily to the Grand Vizier that their 'collaboration after the peace' appeared neither indispensable nor useful, and putting Constantinople temporarily out of mind, he took the first steps in organising the national army which was ultimately to turn the tide and win freedom for Turkey, for to his gesture in distributing arms to the Turks of the Aintab Vilayet with the injunction to organise themselves has been traced the beginning of that formidable movement to which the Allies finally yielded at Lausanne.

Meanwhile, he determined to indulge in no feeble sentimentality that would only yield Turkey more completely to the tender mercies of her enemies. The Mudros Armistice exacted heavy enough penalties without making it necessary 'to say Amen' to all the exigencies of the British and French. Firmness was essential if Turkey were not to be completely overrun. He pressed this view on Izzet Pasha only to find the ruling circles in Constantinople prey to a confiding

flabbiness. Within a few days of the signing of the Armistice, Mustapha Kemal's intransigent attitude about the proposed British occupation of Alexandretta showed that he meant what he said. He asserted that it was unnecessary for the purpose indicated—the provisioning of Aleppo—that it did not arise out of the Armistice terms, and that he would resist it by force.

Izzet argued desperately with his sardonic general, pointing out that verbal assurances had been given at the time of the signature, and that since in other matters the English had behaved 'like gentlemen,' they must be allowed to use Alexandretta as a supply base. The reply came that the British wished to obtain possession of Alexandretta, not to revictual their army at Aleppo, and that since he for his part lacked the gallantry to appreciate the gentlemanly behaviour of the English he had given orders to oppose their landing by force. The telegraph between Constantinople and Adana buzzed with messages. Izzet said that Kemal was acting counter to the policy of the State and the interests of the country, and required him at once to countermand his previous orders. Mustapha Kemal answered with unveiled sarcasm that Izzet Pasha would be able to judge whether he took a statesmanlike view of the whole situation when Izzet saw how he acquitted himself of the task of saving the country—indicated by the 'collaboration' of which the Grand Vizier had

previously spoken—and he went on to emphasise once again the danger of allowing the British to land unopposed at Alexandretta. Modulating from peremptoriness to entreaty, Izzet adjured Kemal to remember the weakness of Turkey, to be polite when communicating with British military delegates—and above all to evacuate Alexandretta. Mustapha Kemal, always copious in expression, thereupon sent another long telegram, pointing out that nothing would be gained by weakness. Not Alexandretta alone was in question. Mosul, also a key-town, was demanded by the British. Their pretensions would ultimately lead to the occupation of the whole country. The time had come to decide on a limit of the sacrifices to which they were to submit. Of course, he added, the published terms of the Armistice might not be the whole story, but if there were an additional secret agreement he asked to be told of it.

Mustapha Kemal must have known that in this particular matter submission was eventually inevitable. All the same his attitude was not mere bluster, and occupies a definite place in the formation of the Nationalist movement, marking the prescience which, despite his admirers' exaggeration, cannot seriously be challenged by his detractors. His supreme merit as a leader has been throughout to know exactly what he wanted. Already at this time he advanced the claim of an independent Turkey free from

foreign control, and to obtain this he stood ready to take any and every risk.

The resignation of Izzet Pasha, for whom he felt some sympathy, brought him at that politician's suggestion back to Constantinople, where his hostility towards the new Grand Vizier, Tewfiq Pasha, caused him for the first time to cultivate the art of Parliamentary lobbying. Exerting his utmost influence and going so far as to address a group of deputies in one of the Committee Rooms, he tried to secure the overthrow of the Ministry on a Vote of Confidence. The deputies seemed impressed by his words, and as the division-bell rang, his friends assured him of success. But Tewfiq Pasha after all obtained a majority—an event that increased Mustapha Kemal's contempt for politicians and their ways which has helped to shape the constitution of Republican Turkey.

Without hope in the Chamber, he once again bethought himself of the Sultan, and through Nadji Pasha demanded an immediate audience. But Mohamed VI., 'hiding some diabolical resolve in his head,' sent him soft words and an appointment for an audience after the next Selamlık. There was nothing to do except wait. When on Friday, after the prayers, he was ushered into the presence and—this time left alone with his sovereign—began to develop his ideas, the Sultan interrupted the well-known lecture by asking whether the army was loyal. This

totally unexpected question puzzled Kemal. To his inquiry whether His Majesty had been informed of any movement in the army against his person—the Sultan merely shut his eyes and repeated the question. Was the army loyal? The only answer Kemal could give was to say that he could think of no motive to make the generals or the officers of the army oppose their sovereign, and therefore he had nothing to fear. Still more confidentially the Sultan remarked that he was speaking of to-morrow as well as of to-day. . . .

The Sultan might shut his eyes. Mustapha Kemal's were opened. It was plain to him that the Sultan hoped to assure himself of the support of the army before enforcing some anti-national policy. He wished to tie Kemal's hands, to make him his tool. A pretty *dénouement* to the scheme first broached at the Hotel Adlon! Far from Kemal being the Mayor of the Palace, the Sultan, with plans already cut and dried, intended to turn him into the imperial catspaw! To make matters worse, Kemal and his friends had no means of concerted action. The only political organisation in the country, the Committee of Union and Progress, had been driven underground and, though the Allies continued to think it dangerous, the little group of Nationalists, led by Mustapha Kemal, from the first would have nothing to do with it. But if the Nationalists were still powerless, wasting their energies and

hopes in the attempt to obtain control of the machinery of State in the Capital, Kemal had now begun to see more clearly where salvation lay. And when the dissolution of the Chamber was announced on the day following his interview, and the papers declared that Kemal had assured the Sultan of the army's approval at the step and had even made promises on behalf of himself and his brother officers, he felt an utter disgust at the Byzantinism of Turkish politics.

Byzantinism — this high-sounding epithet, which betrayed its user's ignorance of the splendour of Byzantine history—was taken to cover all the ignobleness, selfishness, treason rampant in high places during those early months of 1919. The Sultan, sinking into premature senility, had yet a lavishly stocked harem guarded by eunuchs both black and white. This was the old man's only pride, as the functioning of the police was his sole care. Of the three Grand Viziers—all traitors in the Nationalist eyes—who passed on and off the stage during the death agony of the régime, Damad Pasha Ferid was the Judas. He had much confidence in Dr Frew, pastor of the Dutch Chapel, who also holds an unenviable place in the Nationalist epic. With the Reverend Doctor, Mustapha Kemal had two interviews in the attempt to persuade 'the man of God' to confine his attention to heavenly things and cease supporting 'The Friends of England,' a party which hoped to soften the heart of the British

Cabinet by appealing to its better nature. For, though France and Italy were hovering like vultures over the moribund body of Turkey and had both staked out claims in districts racially Turkish, Great Britain stood out as the real enemy. British policy and British gold encouraged the regionalist tendencies in Trebizond and Thrace ; it favoured the independence of the Armenians and the Kurds, and Mr Lloyd George was known to look complacently upon the high-flown Greek aspirations in Smyrna and its hinterland.

Nothing could be done in Constantinople, where the British were paramount, and by the early months of 1919 Mustapha Kemal and his associates, the chief of these being Rauf Bey, the naval officer, who as the captain of the 'Hamidieh' was the darling of the whole Moslem world during the Balkan war, had decided that only in Anatolia could resistance be organised against the greed of the Allies. Already in March of that year an ' Anatolian Defence Rights Association ' had been formed in the Eastern Provinces where national feeling had been kept alert through the Armenian menace. Enjoying the moral support of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha, the former Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army of the Caucasus and a doughty soldier whose military reputation stood at least as high as that of Mustapha Kemal himself, it was from the outset a potential factor in the rebirth of the national

spirit. When Mustapha Kemal decided to place himself at the head of the movement, the die was cast.

But the soldier who had yet to become a national leader could not take the first step without the prestige of some official position. In any case the venture promised to be desperate, and the caution which distinguishes the man of action told him that the Sultan's Government and the British would combine to crush him before he had time to move unless he could take shelter behind their authority. An opportunity presented itself when an Inspector-General had to be sent to Anatolia to supervise the gendarmerie sanctioned by the Allied Headquarters. Mustapha Kemal's qualifications made him an obvious choice, and the Grand Vizier favoured the appointment as it would remove a dangerous man from Constantinople, where the officers were many and discontented. The story goes that on receiving his instructions he spent three hours revising them so as to give him authority to meet any conceivable situation. Thus amended, they were submitted to Damad Pasha Ferid, when pressed by other business, and signed by him unread.

This may, or may not, be true. There is some evidence that the Sultan's Government, under the impulse of the Greek landing at Smyrna, was ready to back Kemal in raising Anatolia. He has related how when this news was known he

went to the Sublime Porte, where the Council of Ministers was sitting. The Ministers suspended their meeting and asked him what they should do. 'Resist,' he said. 'How shall we resist here?' they asked. 'When you have done all you can, come and join me,' was his reply.

In any case Mustapha Kemal landed at Samsun on 19th May 1919, armed with the imperial irade of his appointment, and accompanied by Colonel Refet Bey—afterwards Pasha—a Gallicised Turk whose 'manners and elegance suggested a courtier of Versailles.' Refet's appointment as Governor of Samsun was arranged simultaneously with that of Mustapha Kemal. He is one of the principal actors in the next, and most critical, phase of Mustapha Kemal's great adventure.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mustapha Kemal presides over the Nationalist Congresses of Erzerum and Sivas from which sprang the Turkish Republic—August and September 1919.

ANYONE who has followed Mustapha Kemal's career thus far will be conscious of a powerful personality unable to emerge from a circle of frustration. We see a soldier attaining eminence in his profession which he yet regards as secondary to the main purpose of his life. His real interest is politics. Yet in this he is little better than an amateur, used by men of infinitely less calibre than himself and looked upon by them as a piece in the game. The cause lies partly in circumstance. It takes an age to make the man, as a man to make the age. Looking back it is easy to assert that until 1919 Mustapha Kemal's time had not come to back the assertion by pointing to the sequence of events by which he attained power.

But this is a statement that explains nothing since it omits those unknowns which shape the history of individuals as of nations. It would be truer to say that Mustapha Kemal had hitherto

achieved nothing because he lacked the self-realisation that is the necessary preliminary to achievement. From the first, back in Salonika, before the 1908 Revolution, he had despised 'politics' and the facile talk the thing engendered, yet he had tried to engage in the sinister game himself and had hoped to hold a winning hand. The contradiction proved beyond his power to reconcile, and not till he gave up the attempt, turned his back on the effete past, discarded formulas that had lost their meaning, swept away 'the unrealities that clogged the Turkish soul,' did events begin to shape themselves to his will.

We have no material evidence as to the time when Mustapha Kemal's political creed, and the programme which sprang from it, first took definite shape in his mind. But it is a fair presumption that when he set foot on shore at Samsun he knew at last the goal to aim at—a homogeneous Turkey freed from foreign control or interference and from the incubus of its own past, in other words a Turkey shaking off both the live hand of Europe and the dead hand of Islam. This had many implications. It meant the demolition of the Sultanian Government with all its immemorial loyalties to Padishah and Caliph, and the substitution for it of a government chosen, or at least approved, by the people and embodying in its Assembly the sovereign will. It meant the shifting of the centre of administra-

tion to the hinterland of Anatolia, where Europe could not exert moral pressure under the guise of physical threats. It meant the flouting of the Allies and the crushing of every conservative element in Turkey. Mustapha Kemal must have foreseen all this. And having a clearer vision than his associates—some of them sincere men but swayed by their hearts as well as their heads, others mere selfish opportunists—he knew that they would resent and oppose his assumption of power. Nothing is more remarkable than the rapid emergence of personal jealousies, bane of all Asiatic societies, which began to spread their toxins from the very birth of the Nationalist movement.

Its early growth owed much to the landing of the Greek Army at Smyrna under the guns of British warships, which had occurred just before Mustapha Kemal left Constantinople. As the traditional antipathy of the Turk for the Greek blazed up throughout Anatolia, the movement was identified at the outset in the popular imagination with an unjust aggression by a despised and formerly subject race and expressed the most passionate feelings of the Turkish people. Under this impulse a few weeks transformed the Inspector-General of Gendarmerie into the Leader and Statesman.

He tempered boldness with caution. It was impossible to strike the chords of patriotism too crudely, or to be too wary in his treatment of the

other protagonists. Before he started, an understanding had been reached with two powerful personages in Anatolia, whose co-operation was essential for success. Both Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha, a strait-laced patriot, commanding the 9th Corps at Erzerum, and the supple and ambitious Ali Fuad Pasha, who commanded the 20th Corps at Angora, were sympathetic to the cause. Rauf Bey, more practised politician than Kemal, but daring in action rather than in council, had left Constantinople at the same time and travelling westward entered into contact with the troops in front of Smyrna. The defection to the Nationalist movement of the commander of the troops on the lines of communications between that city and Panderma, meant that from the outset the whole Turkish forces in Anatolia passed under Nationalist control. Since Turkey must be saved, if at all, by Turkish bayonets, the auspices were favourable.

But the army, though important, was incidental to the new political edifice essential for ultimate salvation, and to this Mustapha Kemal at once gave his attention. Directly he reached Erzerum he harangued the local notabilities, blew to red heat their patriotism which the Armenians had already made to glow, and told them that since the Sultan's Government was under foreign control, the populations of Anatolia must be prepared to act on their own responsibility. Such words coming from the most

distinguished General in the Turkish Army, as they supposed sent specially by the Sultan in this crisis of their fate, were the first sowing of the republican seed. To use the machinery of the Eastern Anatolian Defence Rights Association for a wider organisation followed as an obvious corollary, and arrangements were made for a Congress to meet as soon as possible in Erzerum.

Before the people could be told more clearly of his plans, Mustapha Kemal, still one amongst many would-be leaders, had to subdue the other influential Nationalists to his will. The meeting at Amassia between him, Rauf Bey, Ali Fuad Pasha, and Colonel Refet, gave Mustapha Kemal his first opportunity of matching his nerve and will against those of his colleagues. The question of a Provisional Government showed halting opinions. Ali Fuad, looking to make himself supreme at Angora—as he did a week later, when he took over the civil administration—did not jib at the idea, and Rauf Bey, at heart a liberal, whose ideal was a Parliamentary Government in a constitutional monarchy, allowed himself to be persuaded that a temporary separation from Constantinople might be necessary.

But Refet drew back at a project which might create civil war instead of uniting the people against the Greeks. Mustapha Kemal, having gained Rauf and Ali Fuad to his side, allowed the latter to point out that they did not envisage the formation of a Nationalist Government unless

the defence of the country made this imperative. Before them on the table lay the Protocol setting out that the Central Government was entirely under foreign control, and that since the Turkish people, as indicated by their various defence organisations throughout the country, were determined not to submit to foreign domination, the activities of these groups must be co-ordinated. Refet alone had not signed. Suspecting Kemal's ambitions, as we are told, he objected that such a grave step could only be taken after open discussion at the Congress, and he remained obstinate until Ali Fuad, patting him on the back, said : ' Stop theorising, Refet, and sign.' Mustapha Kemal watched and kept silence—for the time was yet far distant when he would be able to dispense with all these instruments of his purpose. Refet's fears were not liars, and the Protocol of Amassia, providing also for a future Congress of the whole of Turkey at Sivas, and stating that obedience should be refused to all officials not in full sympathy with the Nationalist cause, is the first milestone on the way to Angora and the Republic. Its signatories put a rope round their necks of which the Central Government would have seized the other end—if it could—but ' it was better to die than see Turkey fall under a foreign yoke.'

Two days later, Mustapha Kemal in high spirits from this victory wrote, with more truth than anyone but himself would have admitted :

‘Henceforth Stamboul does not govern Anatolia, but Anatolia Stamboul.’ When the news of the doings at Amassia reached Constantinople that ‘old fox,’ the Sultan, scenting danger, ordered his appointment to be cancelled. It was too late, however, for Kemal was beyond his power, and on the 8th of July he riposted by resigning his post. The first exchanges had been made in a duel that was to end with the abolition of the Caliphate and the expulsion of the house of Osman from its former dominions.

It was still necessary to be wary as well as bold. Other leading Nationalists besides the signatories to the Amassia Protocol had to be persuaded that a Provisional Government was inevitable, and to be reconciled to the idea of Mustapha Kemal being at its head. Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha, whose military prestige stood deservedly high in Eastern Anatolia, where his troops, the only well-equipped Turkish force in being, were looked upon as the sole bulwark against the Armenians, was a fine specimen of a soldier. A gentle humanitarian bearing a great love for his violin and his fellow-Turks, he combined an authoritarian nature with a fetish for obedience and intended to indulge both propensities, an intention that might prove exceedingly awkward for Kemal if he happened to come between the conscience and the orders of this high-principled general, who held that so long as he ate his master’s bread he must carry out his master’s

orders—in other words, he must do as the Sultan told him. So Kemal, sharpening his dialectic, gently led him into the morass of political philosophy. The sovereign will of the people—this every soldier and every statesman must obey. But that will could not possibly emanate from Stamboul so long as the enemies of Turkey shared the imperial divan. On the other hand, an assembly of delegates representing the Turkish people—or as much of it as was geographically possible—would surely be able to express the sovereign will. Kiazim Kara Bekir might be suspicious of Kemal's ambitions, but he admitted his reasoning to be sound.

The local worthies were called in to press the argument home. They waited upon the General with the question whether, in the event of his being ordered to evacuate Erzerum, he would leave them to the tender mercies of the Armenians. Orders were orders, he replied; as a soldier he would have no alternative but to obey—unless the superior will of the nation, expressed through its representatives, bade him resist them. At that moment he lost a chance of leading the movement which hitherto could have been his for the taking. Once again, after his victory over the Armenians, he might have had it. But to the end he continued to cherish a loyalty to the Sultanate he was helping to overthrow, and entered too late into open rivalry with a man cleverer and more determined than himself.

The military background thus harmoniously ordered, Mustapha Kemal could exert adroitness of another kind in his management of the Congress which hastily met on 23rd July to voice the sovereign will that Kiazim Kara Bekir demanded. Its first manifestation was to choose Kemal as President, despite the offence his enemies allege him to have given by appearing in his gaudy uniform of aide-de-camp to the Sultan—an attempt to impose upon public opinion that was thought to be in bad taste.

The voice, however, was not unanimous. Opposition at once lifted its head in this motley assemblage of sturdy provincials spiced with political adventurers and doctrinaire lawyers. The delegates, true to type, enjoyed the sound of their own voices. They talked and flattered themselves with the idea of their own importance, whilst the flow of debate moved sluggishly along like their own Meander. Unless it were channelled by the discipline of a master-mind, its energy would be dissipated. Mustapha Kemal, therefore, girding against this jealousy of executive power, spoke out plainly: ‘Gentlemen,’ he said, ‘history shows clearly that in great enterprises and for the attaining of success, the leadership of an energetic and capable chief is absolutely essential. In moments of crisis the goal cannot be reached by discussion.’

His will prevailed. The decision to constitute a Provisional Government—though not called

such—for the defence of the Eastern Vilayets laid down the basis of Kemal's policy, and when the Grand Vizier telegraphed to Kiazim Kara Bekir to arrest Mustapha Kemal and close the Congress, the General could with a clear conscience obey the superior orders of Mustapha Kemal, the spokesman of the sovereign will of the people, countermanding the Sultan's commands. Thus the west had won its first victory in this naïve homage to the shades of Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau. Later the ground won was consolidated, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the majority, which is enshrined in the French and American Revolutions, a theory that makes it divinely just for fifty-one per cent. of the population to tyrannise over the other forty-nine per cent., reached its crudest manifestation in the Grand National Assembly which declared itself to be at once law-maker, policeman, and judge.

CHAPTER IX.

Mustapha Kemal begins to organise the Nationalist Movement, using the theory of the Sovereign Will of the People to gain recognition as its Leader.

‘ To place in action the national forces under the sovereign will of the people ’—that was the immediate problem as recorded in the Declaration of the Congress of Sivas, a congress counting in Republican annals as the first general meeting of the People’s Party which, in its relations to the Government, bears some resemblance to the Fascist Party in Italy. The full text of the Declaration shows how carefully Mustapha Kemal had to tread. Opposition arose on his election as President—officially he was at the Congress as representative for Erzerum—and the only constant factor on which he could rely was the determination to resist the Greeks and the Armenians. He could not, then or afterwards, take the other leaders of the movement into his full confidence, for they would never have supported the radical programme he had in view or his own leadership, whilst Ismet Pasha, his most trusty lieutenant, only attained prominence later.

From the rank and file he had to hide the more

immediate implications of a break with Constantinople. The telegram of homage sent to the Sultan by the Congress is matched by the specific statement in the Declaration that the Sultanate and supreme Khalifate shall be safeguarded 'by all methods and all means,' and the Provisional Government established by the Congress is modestly called a 'representative body charged to safeguard and foster the proposed sacred cause.' Stress, too, is laid on the vital importance of convoking a National Assembly—to meet, as every one except Kemal and Rauf supposed, at Constantinople—that should be the spokesman of the Sovereign Will. Assemblies at all times use formulas like drugs. So long as they soothe, their ingredients hardly matter. But it is perfectly clear that Mustapha Kemal, though he had disguised the taste of the medicine, introduced into his Declaration a theory incompatible with that on which the power and prestige of the Sultan and Padishah rested.

These decisions were only reached after a debate of a week, in which not a few openly despaired of their country and maintained that an American, or British, administration was the only means of saving Constantinople for Turkey. The idea of control by the United States particularly appealed to those who, under the influence of American idealism, thought that their country might thus develop liberal institutions. Mustapha Kemal, the realist, resolutely opposed such

notions. Constantinople and its fate lay outside the essential problem, which was the independence of Turkey. This was a thing they must win for themselves ; it could not be given by others. But when he had his way he did not hesitate to grant as much of his confidence as he thought desirable to his temporary political associates.

He could afford to treat the Allies' representatives with a higher hand. To a French officer who threatened to dissolve the Sivas Congress by force, he replied : ' It is not easy to occupy Sivas. If ever France or any other Power wishes to stifle the Nationalist Movement in Turkey she must be prepared to fight another bloody and arduous war.' Towards the British he was equally unyielding. Anyone may be a statesman in retrospect, and it is easy enough now to point out that months later than this our representatives continued to misjudge the strength and quality of the movement. In the general chaos they saw still the hidden hand of the Committee of Union and Progress—being unaware that Kemal was as much its enemy as they themselves—and Enver, whose shadow had the likeness of Lenin, remained a bogey to entertain idle tongues in the bazaars of Stamboul and darken counsel at Allied Headquarters.

But Sivas could not be ignored, and to show solidarity with Damad Ferid Pasha, as bitter an enemy of Nationalism as the Sultan himself, four

British battalions were landed at Samsun. Since one hundred miles of bad roads separated Sivas from its port, the gesture only showed Mustapha Kemal that he had correctly gauged the powerlessness of the British to reach Anatolia, and it hardly made matters worse, from the Allied point of view, when these same troops re-embarked on their transports.

The Sultan's Government tried other means of coercion. In the hope that its provincial officials might succeed in stemming the Nationalist tide, the Vali or governor of the province of El Aziz attempted to seize Sivas. His failure emphasised the complete loss of all moral authority on the part of the Imperial Government.

And the English officer who told Kemal that a British Division would march to the help of this egregious official from Ourfa, two hundred miles distant in a south-easterly direction, simply helped to convince him that Great Britain was ready to use any stick with which to try and beat down the Nationalist movement. For the Kurds, the spoilt children of the old régime, were a real danger directed against the heart of Anatolia, and the anti-English feeling, now only beginning to die away in Republican Turkey, owes more to the belief that we acted as *agents provocateurs* in that region, than to any other of the follies committed in Turkey when British policy was directed by Mr Lloyd George and Mr Philip Kerr (now Lord Lothian). Neverthe-

less General Milne and Damad Ferid Pasha were rather goads to Nationalist sentiment than shining scimitars barring its progress, and Mustapha Kemal felt strong enough at this time, not only to demand that all local Turkish officials should submit to his orders, but that Allied officers travelling on inspection in Anatolia, after being politely but firmly told that henceforth the Nationalists accepted interference from no one, should be forthwith escorted back to the nearest port.

The major problem, however, for the moment dwarfing everything else, was to provide for the adequate pronouncement of the Sovereign Will. Until the nation had unequivocally spoken—naturally its sentiments were not in doubt—other things were secondary. In the meantime, Mustapha Kemal was ready to temporise with the Sultan so long as his Grand Vizier was not Damad Ferid Pasha. But that personage, with whom he broke off relations immediately after the Sivas Congress, shared Kemal's taste for power and, in spite of the odium his supposed pro-English and undoubted anti-Nationalist views earned for him among his patriots, he resisted for nearly three weeks Kemal's efforts to drive him from office, an anxious time, during which Kemal spent one whole night at the end of the telegraph wire communicating with Stamboul. The Sultan's respect for Mustapha Kemal's abilities was no longer accompanied by confidence in his loyalty, and he did not withdraw his favour from

Damad Ferid until it became clear to his wisdom that he too should temporise.

Since Mustapha Kemal could not be crushed he must be humoured. Wahid-ed-Din knew well enough that Mustapha Kemal's leadership was resented by other prominent Nationalists ; time might strengthen the opposition and waste the Nationalists' strength ; a more neutral figure as Grand Vizier might draw many adherents of the Anatolian Party back to Constantinople. Ali Riza Pasha, therefore, who had Nationalist sympathies without being an avowed partisan, was chosen to form a Ministry which should have no particular complexion except hostility to the Committee of Union and Progress, a quality pleasing to every one, including the British. The Minister of War, Djemal Pasha (not to be confounded with the Djemal Pasha who has already appeared in these pages), promised to give energetic moral support to the War of Defence against the Greeks ; the Minister of Marine, Salih Pasha, had personal relations with Kemal. The friendly feelings that immediately prevailed did justice to the Sultan's statecraft, the more so since the important post of Minister of the Interior was held by one Damad Cherif Pasha, a bitter opponent of the Nationalists, who was ready to influence the officials of his department against them.

It is impossible to suppose that Mustapha Kemal looked upon the rise in the political barometer as likely to last. Tactical reasons in-

duced him, however, to give the new Ministry a chance, and he promised Nationalist support if three conditions were observed. These were that the Cabinet should defend the national interests, that it should make no decisions on political questions until the Assembly had met, and that the Turkish delegates at the Peace Conference should stand for the wishes of the people and enjoy the national confidence. To these terms Ali Riza Pasha was ready to subscribe, and he showed his deference to the Nationalists by sending Salih Pasha to talk things over with Kemal at Amassia. This did not prevent Kemal, a master in the art of café politics, from perfecting his own secret organisation in Stamboul and extending its ramifications even to Smyrna and the territories occupied by the Greeks.

The Greeks—how much Republican Turkey owes to their ill-starred effort to realise the ambitions of Mr Venizelos ! They may complain, with some truth, that they were let down by their friend and backer, the British Government. But their own *ἔβρις* in Smyrna, inspired by the Gods who had determined to save Turkey from the full consequences of its follies and crimes, was a priceless asset to the Nationalist cause.

The story of Keukjé Effé was one of many that thrilled Anatolia. This brigand, who followed his profession in the Smyrna hinterland, welcomed the Greeks on their landing as fellow-enemies of the Sultan. His friendliness was

reciprocated. He hob-nobbed with the Greek soldiers in the Smyrniote drinking-shops, and no doubt the Greek Intelligence Service found him very useful. One day thus carousing he admired the blue pouch from which a Greek sergeant offered him tobacco. Its proud and tipsy owner confided to him how it had once been part of a Turkish girl's dress. He had met her somewhere in the hills, had ravished and murdered her. Afterwards he had torn off her blue bodice—a pretty thing just suited for its present purpose. Keukjé Effé's response was to shoot the sergeant and another Greek of the party, and then to escape to the Nationalist lines where he was rejoined by his followers.

The bands, a familiar scourge in Macedonia, played an important part in those early days of the struggle before the Greeks made their memorable advance almost to the outskirts of Angora itself, and the Robin Hoods of Western Anatolia found themselves courted by all parties, including the very ministers of the Sultan, for the Minister of the Interior, a man after the heart of Wahid-ed-Din, thought to make matters more difficult for the Nationalists by inciting brigands to murder and rapine in the districts they were attempting to save from the Greeks. *Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner*; the bitterness of the Turkish Nationalists in the earlier phases of the movement is not difficult to understand when one knows the facts.

CHAPTER X.

Mustapha Kemal organises the elections for the new Assembly and supervises the drawing up of the National Pact—Modern Turkey's Declaration of Independence.

FOR Mustapha Kemal the absorbing question in the Autumn of 1919, when the Allies had not yet begun to turn their peace-making activities in the direction of Turkey, was the Assembly. A Nationalist majority was certain. Anti-foreign feeling of itself would secure this, apart from the moral pressure which makes elections in countries like Turkey and Egypt a stampede through the largest gap in the hedge. Every one was to be free to vote for the Nationalist candidates—on this Salih Pasha, who came as a delegate from the Sultan's Government, and Mustapha Kemal at once agreed. The only exception was for members of the Committee of Union and Progress. These black sheep were destined for the slaughter, and with them Kemal would have nothing to do. In these conversations at Amassia, Stamboul, and Anatolia, Sultan and Nationalists came nearest to establishing an *entente*. Salih Pasha subscribed to Mustapha

Kemal's irreducible minimum of the pre-war frontiers of Turkey less the Arab Provinces, coupled with no foreign control, a point that might include the abolition of the Capitulations. Kemal was ready to promise that the Sultanate and Caliphate should be maintained, in itself a proof that these institutions were no longer accepted as a matter of course.

More dubious agreement marked the discussion regarding the meeting-place of the Assembly. Mustapha Kemal stood almost alone in thinking that it should come together in Anatolia rather than in Constantinople. Some thought that only in Stamboul would the Assembly enjoy a national prestige; others were afraid that if the Turks themselves seemed to abandon the Capital the Allies would more readily hand it to the Greeks. Salih Pasha may have been sincere in recording his agreement with Mustapha Kemal. It is certain that the Sultan's Government, at that moment corresponding with others of the Sivas Nationalists who were ready to betray their leader, never meant to agree even to the temporary transference of the Capital, which formed an essential part of Nationalist policy as envisaged by Kemal.

He had the greatest difficulty in making others see its vital importance. Three weeks later he 'humbly' suggests to Halidé Edib, the gifted Turkish woman, who then had her finger on the pulse of the movement in Stamboul, that 'the

seat of the Assembly raised a new and very important issue.' Public opinion, in Stamboul, he writes, might be surprised at such a point being raised at all, but whilst admittedly a meeting anywhere away from Stamboul had its drawbacks, positive dangers attended its meeting in the Capital, since the Allies and the Sultan's Government would exert pressure on the deputies, and their freedom of deliberation would vanish. He begged his correspondent not to allow the atmosphere of Stamboul to influence her decision.

Mustapha Kemal's forecast and fears proved correct. The deputies going to Constantinople were told to stop at Angora *en route*, which in December became the final Headquarters of the Nationalists, and there in an unofficial and not wholly complete assemblage agreed to the terms of what shortly afterwards became the National Pact. The pull of Constantinople, however, proved too powerful to resist. Many things contributed to turn the deputies in a direction away from that advocated by Kemal. The legal status of the Parliament depended on its convocation by the Sultan and this, it was thought, could not be assured in Turkish eyes except by meeting in Stamboul. Many stressed the importance of the Allies' declaration that they were willing to recognise the new Parliament only if it were presided over by the Sultan. The cold discomforts of the little provincial town had no

doubt also some influence on the deputies, who looked forward to enjoying the imperial glamour of Stamboul and the cafés of Pera. Realising that politics is the art of the second best, Mustapha Kemal attempted to safeguard the Assembly against the *coup d'état* he saw to be inevitable, and to counteract the potentialities for mischief that might arise from Rauf's Parliamentary leadership of the Cause, by providing for the election of himself as President—in his absence, it need hardly be said, for he had no intention of putting his person within the power of the Sultan and the Allies. If he held this position he would be able to convoke the deputies later on in Anatolia after they had been scattered by foreign bayonets.

Did Rauf Bey share Kemal's misgivings? If so, they were counterbalanced by the prospect of exerting his magnetic personality in the new Parliament of which he at once stood out as the leader—a more important person at this time in the eyes of the Stamboul public than Mustapha Kemal and his henchmen, Ismet and Fevzi, both professional soldiers with a soldier's capacity for silent organisation. Thus, on 11th January 1920, Rauf Bey and the deputies who had forgathered in Angora repaired to Constantinople. But Mustapha Kemal's hopes in them were soon disappointed, for their failure to elect him as President afforded him another proof of the unreliability of the couloir temperament in

politics. The deputy preferred to this post was Jelal ed Din Arif, a professor and a liberal, who had the ambition of becoming the Prime Minister in a constitutionally ordered Turkey. It made things no better that they passed a vote of confidence in the Ministry of Ali Riza Pasha, of whose 'treason' no patriot could reasonably doubt. Thanks to the faults of his opponents these things proved of minor importance. For in the voting of the National Pact, 'legally adopted by the legal Parliament sitting in its legal Capital,' on 28th January 1920, Mustapha Kemal had the satisfaction of knowing that the glove had been thrown at the feet of the Allies.

No gauntlet could have been more cunningly contrived, no challenge more laconically worded. This masterpiece of draughtsmanship set out the whole Nationalist programme in six short articles. It began by slyly according to the populations of the Arab Provinces the right of determining their own destiny 'in accordance with the votes which shall be freely given by the inhabitants.' After this tribute to the august principle of self-determination in Syria, Palestine, and Iraq, which, needless to say, the Allies had no intention of applying, the Pact demanded the same rights for the people of Turkey proper. As a corollary to an independent Anatolia there followed the security of Constantinople and of the Sea of Marmora. The rights of minorities (the Greeks and Armenians being of course thus

indicated) should be assured—in reliance on the belief that Moslem minorities in neighbouring countries would have the benefit of the same rights. The real sting, however, lay in Article 6, which laid down the ‘fundamental condition’ of complete independence and liberty so that ‘national and economic development should be assured under the direction of a more up-to-date regular administration.’ ‘For this reason,’ it added, ‘we are opposed to restrictions inimical to our development in political, judicial, financial, and other matters.’

Had Turkey won the war? Were these extremists, relying upon Bolshevik support and jealousies between the Allies, going to dictate the policy the victors were to follow towards a defeated enemy? Was a political adventurer in Angora to flout the statesmen of the Supreme Council? Such questions were asked with satiric laughter that found an echo in the heart of Anatolia. Mustapha Kemal could also indulge the humour that is the statesman’s prophylactic against the corrosive cynicism of public life. The Pact he had been instrumental in framing had done everything expected of it. It had defied the Allies and united his countrymen. It had driven one more nail into the coffin of the Stamboul Government and of the Sultanate itself. The wily Wahid-ed-Din had been well repaid for his intrigues. Simple-minded patriots, who still saw in the Padishah the symbol of the national

existence, might be satisfied with the reference to the monarchical principle made in the Pact. The Sultan could hardly feel much security in the fact that his dignity and office were included, as a mere qualifying phrase, in the statement that Constantinople must be an integral part of the new Turkey, for this offered no guarantee that Mohamed VI. would be maintained on the throne of his fathers, or even that the throne itself would not be swept away. It had the result Mustapha Kemal intended, and by driving the Sultan into the arms of the British stamped him as a traitor, or at least as a 'prisoner' of the British.

The breaking-point was near. The moment approached for which Kemal had been working since his landing at Samsun nearly a year before, the moment when the Nationalists would stand out as the only defenders of the Fatherland and the Imperial Government be finally discredited in the eyes of every right-thinking Turk. Indulging his love of responsibility to the full and discounting the present weakness of the movement, he acted with the vigour inspired by confidence in its ultimate victory. On the surface there was little enough to afford it. The French were extending their power in Northern Syria, the Greeks preparing to advance, the British concocting some reply to the National Pact. In Anatolia faint hearts put forward divided counsel. In Angora itself public opinion wished for peace,

the women, who said that Angora had already suffered enough, for peace at any price.

Mustapha Kemal's belief in his country's star remained unclouded. To the Allies' demand for the evacuation of Western Anatolia (so that the Greeks might advance unopposed) in return for which Constantinople would be guaranteed to Turkey, he replied haughtily that it was no longer a question of Stamboul but of Turkey. To astuteness in intrigue and sagacity in statesmanship he added the daring of the revolutionary. When, after the departure of the British liaison officer from Angora, an indication that something was in the wind, Rauf, on 11th March, told him that the leading Nationalists would probably be arrested, he advised them to leave at once for Angora.

They did not follow his advice, fortunately for himself and the movement. For the arrest and deportation to Malta of forty of the leading members of Parliament outraged public opinion and helped to inflame anti-foreign sentiment, whilst their absence from Angora meant there were fewer politicians and would-be leaders to be argued with, persuaded, and cajoled. General Milne's *coup d'état* was ineffective, not because it was too brutal or too mild. The reason of its failure lay in the fact that the heart of Turkey was now elsewhere. It was in Anatolia, which lay beyond the reach of Allied bayonets, and the reassembling of the greater number of the de-

puties in Angora made the impotence of the Allies clear to every Turk. The elected representatives of the people, met under the title of the Grand National Assembly and the Sovereign Voice of Turkey—which Kemal had planned to make the mouthpiece of his policy—could at last speak to the world unfettered by the formulas the emptiness of which he had long recognised.

CHAPTER XI.

Mustapha Kemal's difficulties at Angora during the early days of the Nationalist Movement—Spring and Summer, 1920.

IN the gaunt emptiness of Asia Minor stands Angora—a symbol of the new Turkey. Its rock, commanding the plain through which runs the little Tchoubouk River, has been fortified ever since man attained political consciousness in this forcing house of Asia. The fact that it lies on one of the caravan routes between Europe and the south has made it a place to hold, and upon it the peoples which have passed over the face of the land have left their mark. Yet Angora, carrying the scars of war and rapine, has never long been shaken out of its immemorial quiet. Under the rule of the Osmanli Sultans it lived the modest life of a provincial town. The wooden houses huddle to the hill-side under the protection of the fort upon the summit ; in the segregation of their own quarters Moslems and Christians dwelt peaceably side by side. The one or two tentacles that Angora, under the impulse of the nineteenth century, sent into the plain only made it clear that it was no more than

a village—and a poor one at that. Now, suddenly, the remoteness that had prevented it from playing much part in history gave it an advantage over such hitherto successful rivals as Konia and Brusa. Angora, whose name is a corruption of the Greek word for anchor, became in very figure of speech the Nationalist anchorage. All Turkey, quivering with anger at the affront to the national dignity in Constantinople, turned to this slumberous little town, which suddenly cast off its centuries of modest existence to become the centre of the new idea that was to make of Turkey an example for the whole of Asia.

If the Angorese, sunk in their traditional conservatism, scowled at the invasion of ‘foreigners’ with revolutionary opinions, Mustapha Kemal bore the burden he had assumed ‘almost cheerfully.’ Everything had to be settled, from the Constitution to the foreign papers they should take; and since it was particularly important for them to keep in touch with English opinion, they decided to subscribe to *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Daily Herald*, as representing the three political parties. They also added the *Daily Chronicle*, the mouthpiece of their best friend, Mr Lloyd George. The Constitution offered greater difficulties. The liberal politicians, headed by Jelal ed Din Arif, wished for a constitution on the western model with the separation of powers carefully provided for. Mustapha Kemal, in reality the keenest advocate of

‘modernismus,’ though they did not know it, refused to agree. ‘What you want,’ he argued, ‘sounds like a republic, but the republic is a form which will frighten the people.’ And why, he asked, should they accept constitutional forms already known; why should they not create something for themselves suited to their special needs. Then in rounded periods he would hold forth at enormous length, expounding his political philosophy until no one had the least idea what it meant, though ‘it sounded like Jean Jacques Rousseau,’ and every one except himself was ready to drop from exhaustion. Language is given us to conceal our thoughts. When he wished, Mustapha Kemal emerged from these labyrinthine theorisings, and in the clear staccato of Turkish laid down the axioms on which they must proceed. The People was Sovereign, its Will Absolute. Those seven words (or their Turkish equivalent) embraced his whole constitutional philosophy.

Were they as simple as they sounded? The others looked at one another with misgiving. If the Assembly was to be absolute, to include the whole of the legislative, executive, and judicial spheres of government, it must delegate its powers. An administration carried on by a Council of three hundred was a clear impossibility, running counter to all Mustapha Kemal’s own precepts. And government by committees, which seemed to be the net result of his ideas, was

nothing but a copy of Soviet models and would result in the rise of a dictator as it had done in Russia. The one thing these patriots hated was the possibility that the old evils of autocratic government, from which they had suffered under the Sultans, should be perpetuated. They were all determined to save Turkey from its enemies. They did not wish to free themselves from the Sultan to become slaves of a Pasha.

Mustapha Kemal's disappointment at the mentality of his associates spurred him to super-human efforts, and these arduous matters were discussed by the intelligentsia night after night. The long day during which he and the other leaders of the movement were occupied with the desperate needs of the moment would be followed by dinner round a large horseshoe table at the Agricultural School, built by the Unionists outside Angora, and now used by their successors for the Headquarters of the Provisional Government. Then Kemal would relax over the *pilaf* and the *youghout* and talk brilliantly of the men and things he had known, salting his reminiscences with the bitter irony to which the gentler humour of Ismet—already enjoying the lion's share of his confidence—acted as an agreeable foil. A quiet, dark little man was this future Prime Minister of the Republic, with the disarming smile of those who are somewhat hard of hearing, but both in character and intellect able to stand up to his chief. Another personality was Refet Pasha,

the dapper soldier with the Parisian varnish still upon him, equally at home in the mountains with the rebel bands, in the salon, and in the council chamber, an exuberant enthusiast who 'loved Bolshevism as he loved Christ,' radiating energy from his flashing eyes to his shining patent leather boots, whose 'head, hair, and hands all talked together with dramatic gestures.' There were others besides the professorial Jelal ed Din Arif, with his heavy Turkish features and large pince-nezed eyes ; Bekir Sami, full of jokes and vanity, afterwards to be Foreign Commissar ; Ali Fuad Pasha, a soldier like Refet, and like him nursing his ambitions and his jealousies of Ismet ; Dr Adnan, who had escaped from Stamboul with his wife, Halidé Edib, the literary genius of that circle, whose pen has given us the only vivid picture of Angora in those early days of the Nationalist movement.

Above all stood the grey-clad figure of Kemal, from whose lips flowed a torrent of words. He talked all the evening, whilst the atmosphere became ever stuffier, and at three in the morning was still talking, sometimes showing an intelligence 'like a lighthouse,' sometimes appearing to try to express things beyond the bounds of his thought, pointing his arguments with movements of his narrow, delicately moulded hands that had nothing of the soldier about them. He would talk and then suddenly ask the others present for their views, to which he would listen with deep

attention, though he still insisted on having his own way. The Constitution was to be his child ; he would have no changeling thrust upon him. To such tireless persistence the rest had to yield—specially when they found that in the intervals of their high deliberations he had personally canvassed the rank and file of the nation's representatives as they filtered through to Angora from the four corners of Anatolia. These local worthies understood little of the niceties of constitution-making. They knew the country was in danger, the Padishah the prisoner of the English, Mustapha Kemal the man of destiny. And they were ready to declare these obvious truths with the sovereign voice of the people.

Obvious to us now in retrospect—but not so obvious perhaps to them at the time, and certainly dangerous. Only the day before their first meeting, news had come through to Angora that Mustapha Kemal and six other leading Nationalists, including Bekir Sami, Dr Adnan, Ali Fuad Pasha, and Halidé Edib, had been condemned to death by court martial. This astute move, by outlawing them, legalised their assassination (in Turkey always a popular way of disposing of troublesome opponents) and put them at the mercy of any fanatic who still regarded the Sultan Caliph as his liege and spiritual lord. Privately, Mustapha Kemal admitted that the news distressed him. But he allowed it to make no difference to the policy he laid down after the

Assembly had elected him its President, a position that also put him at the head of the Government. He showed Wahid-ed-Din as badly advised, a prisoner, and quite unable, therefore, to support the national cause. After things became normal a place would be found for the Sultan within 'local limits.' Meanwhile the Assembly, as uniting in itself all legislative and executive power, must rely on its own resources. And when the Proclamation declaring the Assembly's resolution to assume all powers of government was published, it bore Mustapha Kemal's signature with the superscription, 'By order of the Grand National Assembly.' He could not emphasise more clearly that he was but a servant carrying out its will. Another great autocrat subscribes himself *servus servorum*. At the same time Kemal showed his leadership by outlining in more general terms the programme set before them : 'To work within our national frontiers for the real happiness and welfare of the nation and country, relying for this end and for the safeguard of our very existence upon our own resources. Not to lead the people into the pursuit of any Utopias and illusions that can only be harmful, and to adopt towards the civilised world civilised and humane manners with our friendship established on the basis of reciprocity.' Statesmanlike words and inspired by a moderation that men who have their backs to the wall do not always preserve.

They had their backs to the wall. None knew it better than Mustapha Kemal. During the next few months the Nationalist cause suffered shock after shock until it seemed impossible it could emerge from the net its enemies were casting around it. In the summer of 1920 the story of the movement is one of almost unrelieved disaster. The Greeks began their advance in the west ; in the south the French threatened, in the east the Armenians. The Sultan's Government used the prestige of the Caliph's name to stir up civil war in Anatolia. Sometimes irregular bands, armed and paid from Constantinople, masquerading under the title of the Army of the Caliph, overran whole districts, on one occasion approaching within twenty miles of Angora. Sometimes the people turned against them, and important towns like Konia or Trebizond would disown the authority of the National Government, that had practically no regular troops with which to enforce obedience. Had it not been for the help at this time of a certain Circassian chieftain, Edhem by name, who put up a stout resistance to the Caliphate army, Angora would have been lost and with it the hope of ultimate success for the movement. Well might correspondents at Constantinople telegraph home to their papers that Mustapha Kemal was losing ground.

Their error is pardonable. His position was one of extraordinary difficulty. He was a general without an army, a politician without a party, the

head of a government without the machinery of administration, or what was more important, money, for the funds of the Agricultural Bank, which had been confiscated, did not take him very far. Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha commanded the only disciplined force, and his ideas were those of the eastern, not the western, school. In the Assembly the Anatolian notables began to form the nucleus of an opposition against a man whom they looked upon as a Macedonian and so only half a Turk. The Government itself had its cliques, and Jelal ed Din Arif, the Vice-President of the Assembly and Commissar of Justice, was trying to establish a privileged position for himself in the Eastern Provinces. These disruptive tendencies were matched by the particularism of the irregular leaders who were playing the war game in the approved condottiere style. The picturesque Edhem, during the critical year of 1920, directly threatened the leadership of Kemal, who had only two of his colleagues, Ismet and Fevzi, fully in sympathy with his views.

CHAPTER XII.

Mustapha Kemal in the winter of 1921-1922 shows the utmost determination in refusing to enter into peace except on his own terms.

WE have a picture of Mustapha Kemal during that summer, which brought its usual accompaniment of malaria to Angora, as he used to sit of an evening in the hall at Headquarters, where the leaders of the movement led an austere and communal life, reading his despatches under the light of a lamp by his chair, only the pallor of his complexion showing his fatigue. Every half-hour his aide-de-camp would come in with reports, gloomy reports of another town occupied by the Caliphate Army, or of another local governor who had ratted and thrown in his lot with Damad Ferid and that traitor's master. At any moment they might have to leave Angora and retire to Sivas. But while he made preparations for this, he was also looking far ahead to the struggle he foresaw with the conservative forces of religion after the immediate problems of self-preservation had been solved. He would turn from his papers to the history of the early days of Islam and study the career of Moawiya, who

established a despotism on the primitive democratic freedom of the faith.

Moawiya's character—Moawiya the 'astute, unscrupulous and pitiless'—appealed to Kemal, and he also found the knowledge of the period useful in his relations with the 'hodjas,' the nearest analogy amongst the Turks to the clergy of the Christian communities. At the moment he wanted their support, and he wished to get to know their mentality at close quarters against the day when he would have to destroy them. Sometimes he would be absent from the dinner-table and remain away all night, to reappear next morning with tales of carousings amongst these reverend gentlemen. In dialectic, Kemal would boast of his superiority, relating how he had met them on their own ground and out-argued them with instance and precedent. But he would admit that in the matter of drinking raki they were his superiors, and it flattered his anti-clericalism to record how these pillars of Moslem morality had thirstier throats even than his. These parties which Kemal gave on summer nights in discreet gardens outside Angora have a place in the evolution of Turkey, for the raucous and licentious laughter of his holy grey-beard guests sounded the knell of Islam in the land of the Caliph.

Such interludes contrasted with the chastity and almost Franciscan poverty of his life in Angora. Later on, Kemal left Headquarters

and had a house to himself outside the town, 'Tchan Kaya,' famous in the history of the Republic, a modest ten-roomed villa, which his mother, who came to live with him, considered squalid. This strong-minded woman of ample proportions, who was more interested in her health than in her son's career, had a poor opinion of Angora, and hoped Mustapha before she died would install himself in the eye of Macedonia, her native Salonika. Far other was the devotion that he inspired in his cousin Fikrié, who came to keep house for him, a woman of refinement and fragile charm, contrasting with the highly coloured ladies who diverted his leisure in traditional oriental ways.

As yet, however, he had no time for such diversions. Crisis succeeded crisis in the fortunes of the movement. Twice had the Allies intervened with the happiest results, once in countenancing the Greek landing at Smyrna, and again by General Milne's *coup d'état* at Constantinople. A third time they restored the flagging energies of the Turks by the Treaty of Sèvres, a precious example of rank imperialism that bore out all Kemal's prophecies about the reasonableness of the Allies. The fact that it was obediently signed by the Sultan's representatives showed more plainly than ever the truth of the Nationalist thesis, which Kemal had secretly propagated from the beginning, that the Sultan was a traitor to his country. By still

further discrediting the Government at Stamboul, and correspondingly raising the prestige of that in Angora, this Treaty helped to ensure the success of the Nationalist movement when little would have served to turn the scale definitely against it. Due allowance should also be given to the stimulus of Mr Lloyd George's blessing on Mr Venizelos's plan to secure the Smyrna hinterland by an advance on Angora.

But revolution devours its own children, and Mustapha Kemal had to tread warily to avoid walking into its jaws. His personal position bristled with difficulties. The Constitution worked by no means smoothly, for the deputies took themselves and their sovereign power very seriously indeed and interpreted Kemal's humility literally. Each one of them was the three-hundredth part of a Padishah in commission and Kemal was their servant. He admitted it, and neglected no artifice to make workable the theory he had himself invented. As a parliamentarian he beat the resounding drum of his rhetoric and lobbied indefatigably. He was conciliating, overbearing, liberal, fanatical, often histrionic, and always cynical—if cynicism consists in exploiting passions and prejudices one despises in order to be able to circumvent those who indulge them. Sometimes he lost his temper with colleagues and called them unparliamentary names. Sometimes he lost, or seemed to lose, his temper with his country's enemies, and declared that the

Crescent had been brought low by the Cross and that the Turks must hate the British and the French with all their might as they must respect Bolshevism, that salutary force which held out a helping hand to a down-trodden people. Going beyond abuse he entered into relations with countries, parties, and persons whom he could use to frighten the British Cabinet, though Mustapha Kemal, the realist, dropped them as soon as his object was achieved. But he never lost his patience with the Assembly—a point in which he stands alone amongst the team of post-war dictators.

It needed nerve to remain patient in the dangers that threatened from all quarters. The irregulars had grown out of hand, and instead of checking the Greek advance undermined the authority of the Nationalist Government. Moving with his usual caution he let Edhem, the most powerful of them, have his head whilst Ismet and Refet reorganised the cadres of the new regular army. At the same time he gradually withdrew his confidence from Ali Fuad Pasha, who commanded on the Greek front, and held a position that he might turn to political advantage. This was easier since that distinguished general's prestige declined as he was obliged to give way before the superior numbers and much better equipped troops of the Greeks. Ultimately, Mustapha Kemal was strong enough to remove him from his command and send him as envoy to Moscow,

replacing him by the entirely faithful Ismet. Thus one potential rival was eliminated.

Edhem gave a lot of trouble, becoming in the end the spokesman of the defeatism endemic in Constantinople. At the end of 1920 this took a particularly dangerous form when Izzet, the most respected of the elder Turkish statesmen, headed a mission to Angora, from the newly constituted Ministry of Tewfiq Pasha, which had for its object the reconciling of the two governments and common negotiations with the Allies. Mustafa Kemal at once saw the project as another instance of the sentimentalism which Izzet had shown ever since the Armistice. To treat with the Allies without previous guarantees meant submission. At the same time if the real purpose of Izzet's mission leaked out, the war-weary population of Anatolia would have its spirit of resistance broken. By a master-stroke of policy, therefore, Kemal issued a communiqué before their arrival, saying that Izzet Pasha and the representatives of the Sultan's Government accompanying him were coming to Angora to join in the struggle. They were received with all honour, but when they refused to comply with Kemal's terms they were detained with equal honour.

This incident Edhem, thinking and acting like the condottiere he was, tried to turn to his own advantage. Posing as the spokesman of the army and the nation, he sent an ultimatum to the

Angora Government in which he declared that the country was too tired to go on fighting, and he demanded that Izzet should be allowed to return to Stamboul to open negotiations for peace. He signed himself 'Commander-in-Chief of all the National Forces.' Thereupon Kemal struck. When Edhem found his band being hemmed in by the newly organised Nationalist troops, under Refet, his resistance broke, and he deserted to the Greeks, a traitorous gesture which quite discredited Izzet Pasha's ill-advised peace-making efforts. Edhem's defection marked the end of the irregulars, as the battle of Inn Eunu, early in 1921, where Ismet made the first successful resistance to the Greeks, proved the quality of the newly organised Nationalist troops.

The prestige of the movement had been immeasurably increased by the brilliant campaign led by Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha against the Armenians in the autumn of 1920, which laid low the Armenian Republic of Erivan and opened up communications with Russia on the east, thus enabling the Soviet Government to provide the munitions of war so badly needed on the Greek front. Had Kiazim Kara Bekir known how to manage his fellow-men as well as he knew how to command them, he might at this time have imposed his ideals on the Assembly where the Eastern Anatolian element was strong. But he waited to advocate his programme of moderate conservatism until it was too late. For after the

first battle of Sakaria, at the end of August 1921, when the Greek advance was definitely broken, Mustapha Kemal became the hero of a race which rates military glory above all other qualities. Thenceforward his position, though assailed, proved too strong to be overthrown.

‘I don’t want any consideration, criticism, or advice. I will have only my own way. All shall do as I command.’ That is how Halidé Edib Hanem tells us he explained his point of view to her one evening during the first summer at Angora when the civil war was at its height and it appeared impossible that the Nationalist Government would ever rule the whole country. A man with a passion for authority, determined to crush anyone who stood in his way, supple and unscrupulous, having a low opinion of those around him, though they were the flower of the country; at the same time a patriot admiring intensely the abstract virtues of the Turkish people, an enthusiast believing in progress, a political mystic working out by feeling rather than by reasoning a philosophy of government which combined the one and the many, his own autocracy with the sovereign will of the people.

On his own admission there are two Mustapha Kemals. To the trained observers at this time—the spring and summer of 1921—there appeared a third, an arrogant extremist, keeping the whole of the Near and Middle East in a turmoil, a fanatic, a swashbuckler, an adventurer—altogether a

very unpleasant fellow with whom it was impossible to argue. He was quite unmoved by the remonstrances and threats of Lord Curzon, neither would he listen to the Grand Vizier and Izzet Pasha—now back in Stamboul—imploping him to be compliant in his attitude towards Great Britain. On the contrary, he did everything he could to show that he considered Great Britain the real enemy. He laid his hands on British subjects and could afford to laugh when the High Commissioner in Constantinople threatened, if he did not release them, to proceed against notorious Kemalists—for this was the name now given to the Nationalists by their enemies—since the more despotically the Allies behaved in Stamboul the easier it became for Angora to pose as the only Turkish Government.

Cet animal est très méchant ; quand on l'attaque, il se défend. Mustapha Kemal was the naughty boy of Anatolia. After making friends with the Bolsheviks, he began to exploit Moslem sentiment. His adjuration to the Faithful to hate the British and the French was followed by a lurid episode when a Mission from Afghanistan, where the young Amanullah had begun his reign by attacking India, visited Angora and exchanged Anglophobe speeches, which acclaimed it the duty of all the Moslem world to assist the Nationalists in their fight for freedom. India pricked up its ears. Kemal became an anti-British hero, and Anglo-Indians wondered where

Mr Lloyd George's madness would lead. When a former Sheikh es Senussi was reported to have left Angora with Kemal's blessing to mount the throne of Iraq, it looked as if that expensive child would cost the British taxpayer several more millions. Even worse than all this, Mustapha Kemal was said to be in secret communication with Paris and Rome. A dangerous man who would not play the game like a gentleman, who actually would not believe the good faith of the British declaration of neutrality in the war between the Nationalists and the Greeks, nor even that of the Supreme Council. . . .

CHAPTER XIII.

Mustapha Kemal definitely stops the Greek advance at the first battle of Sakaria, August 1921, and is given the title of 'Ghazi.'

PRESENT politics are future history, but the journalist who pretends to be able to see through the smoke of passion and prejudice amid which events pass across the screen of actuality is generally a humbug. So Mustapha Kemal was hailed as the typical extremist for whom the proper treatment was firmness. It is only fair, however, to say that *The Times*, at the end of June 1921, asserted through its Constantinople correspondent that his attitude was more moderate than might be supposed. The truth is that his policy remained unchanged through every crisis in the movement. In defeat and in victory it was the same. To us, from the higher ground of a later decade, not Mustapha Kemal, but Lloyd George and M. Venizelos stand out as the political adventurers in this Near Eastern nightmare.

The real Mustapha Kemal of this time, a harried, anxious man, absorbed in the immediate task of defending Anatolia against the Greeks,

was surrounded by influences hostile to his personal ascendancy. The party favouring an eastern, rather than a western, policy had powerful and vocal supporters. Rauf Bey, now returned from Malta, used his parliamentary skill to increase the Assembly's jealous regard of its powers. And Ismet, losing battles in the approved Turkish style, was unable to prevent the Greek advance on Eski Shehir, a town of immense strategic importance and the railway-junction for Angora. There Kemal followed every phase of the operations. All through the critical night while the Nationalist troops were fighting desperately to save Eski Shehir he sat by the telephone. When with the dawn there could no longer be any doubt that the town was lost, he sought the consolation of another cup of coffee—the only traditional loyalty which he had not discarded. He was pale—his voice was almost a groan. As Fevzi Pasha, usually a pessimist, cheerfully prophesied the coming defeat of the Greeks, he called him a something fool, but laughed as he did it. Things were too bad not to seize hold of any omen.

The greatest, though not the last, crisis in Mustapha Kemal's career had come. Defeatism began to spread in Angora itself. A section of the inhabitants cursed the Nationalists for having brought this trouble upon them; others prepared to leave the doomed town. The Assembly, instinctively turning to Kemal as the only man

who could save the situation, invested him on 5th August 1921 with the powers of 'Bash-Commandan.' But whilst making him dictator it still remained jealous. The naïve decree entrusting him with supreme power begins by asserting that this is delegated by the Assembly which unites all functions of government, 'including that of Commander-in-Chief'—an office he is to hold for only three months, or less if the Assembly thinks fit. Thus, grudgingly, was Kemal accorded supreme authority in his task of withstanding a Greek army four times as numerous and much better equipped than that under his command.

Their trust in his star proved not to be vain, although three weeks of agonising suspense began inauspiciously by Mustapha Kemal falling off his horse and badly bruising his ribs. He was taken back to Angora and believed to be dangerously injured. But no bones were broken, and after a day in bed he returned to the front, hardly able to stand. Never had he shown such mastery of his art, such power to inspire men, such a grasp of detail. His military technique was extraordinary. He knew every sector of the front, the character of every battalion commander, and he suspected every one except Ismet and Fevzi—Ismet who never lost his temper, and Fevzi who never lost his self-confidence and never seemed to sleep—paying tribute to frayed nerves through the small hours with cigarettes

and cups of coffee. The rank and file worthily reflected their leader's genius, and the military qualities of the Turks have never shone with more lustre than in the desperate fighting which ended in the victory of Sakaria. Reinforcements were sent on to the field with orders to take from the dead the rifles which the empty munition depots of the Turks could not supply. In the dearth of men, the services on the lines of communications were worked by women. The Nationalist Air Force consisted of a single aeroplane. Things were indeed desperate, and Mustapha Kemal, now a superman to whom no one turned without gaining fresh strength and courage, now an angry semi-invalid, had all the responsibility his heart had craved for so long.

In three weeks he had pinned down, held and beaten back the Greeks, saved Angora and assured the future of the Turkey he envisaged. He had turned the tide. Or would it be more correct to say that the tide had turned? How far he worked the miracle himself, how far it was the natural result of causes which the military brain of Fevzi had already foreseen?—such questions have been asked. His enemies assert that the victory of Sakaria would have been won in any case by Ismet, the executive chief, and Fevzi, the operations officer, and that Kemal with his usual craftiness waited until he knew the Greek offensive had spent its momentum before he stepped in to take the credit of bringing it to a

standstill. To ninety-nine out of a hundred Turks, however, Mustapha Kemal is the victor of Sakaria. The candid critic may share this view. If Mustapha Kemal found the two ideal lieutenants in Ismet and Fevzi, the credit is surely his. He has generously praised Ismet's work, that of Fevzi a little less cordially. They have never questioned his leadership. To-day, after ten years, they rank next to him in the new Turkey they have worked together to create.

The operations against the Greeks soon reached a deadlock, and the armies settled down to face one another for nearly a twelvemonth before the Turks made their final victorious offensive. In the meantime, Mustapha Kemal did his best to secure peace. Immediately on his return to Angora, where the Grand National Assembly gave him the title of Ghazi, he enunciated once again the Nationalist policy :—

‘ As President of the Assembly I say before you openly that we do not want war ; we want peace. My own opinion is that there is no real obstacle to such an aim. The Greek Army is mistaken if it supposes that it can ever make us give up our legitimate rights. We are defending our country's very existence against those who are attempting to destroy it. This is a perfectly natural thing to do. Our

attitude, indeed, could not be more reasonable or justifiable. Gentlemen, I assure you that we shall continue to exercise military pressure upon the Greek Army till not one enemy soldier remains in this country.'

CHAPTER XIV.

Mustapha Kemal meets the challenge to his power by energetic management of the Assembly and by organisation in the Constituencies. He drives the Greeks out of Western Anatolia.

NOTHING succeeds like success. During the late summer of 1921 the French indicated their respect for the Nationalist Government by sending M. Franklin-Bouillon to Angora with powers to conclude 'a separate peace.' Under the Treaty that bears his name the French evacuated Cilicia, and Mustapha Kemal found himself reinforced by the 80,000 Turkish troops which had been holding the French, who left behind them enough material to equip another 40,000 men. M. Briand's gesture, though resented in London, where it was considered treason towards the solidarity of the Allies, was inspired at least by a sense of reality lacking in British policy, which continued to treat the decrepit Constantinople Government as if it still controlled the destinies of its country. Almost simultaneously Italy sent a Mission to Angora, and the high esteem in which Moscow held Mustapha Kemal was indicated by an official visit from Chicherin. Nowhere, except in Lon-

don, did anyone doubt who was the real ruler of Turkey.

In Angora this fact aroused resentment, and both liberals and conservatives prepared to challenge his supremacy. The one party wanted a constitutional monarchy, or a republic on the French model. The conservatives wished to live the old Turkish life in the old Turkish way. These gentlemen, dear to the heart of Pierre Loti, ungallantly attempted to strike at him through the fair sex, whose emancipation he was welcoming, the ladies in return being loyal admirers of the Ghazi and efficient propagandists of the new Turkey. His encouragement to them to throw off their shackles was countered by the Commissar for the Religious Law and Pious Foundations in a manifesto which attempted to 'break some very harmless social butterflies on the wheel of austerity.' 'These so-called Moslems,' ran the manifesto, 'instead of aiding the Government of Angora at least with their hearts to battle with the invader amid frost and snow, disregarded all laws of honour and decency. They meet male foreigners unveiled, sit at table with them and—horrible to relate!—dance with them in private houses.' And it went on to warn these guilty ladies that chastisement awaited them in this world as well as in the next.

Against such turbaned prudery, Mustapha Kemal contended on the high and dry lines of the Moslem Scholastic. And when the Commissar for

Religious Law and Pious Foundations remained deaf to argument and took his stand on the Sacred Scripture, Kemal changed his tactics and showed his regard for the Koran that remained a millenium behind the times by hurling it across the room. The Commissar, after an uneasy tenure of office, preferred to resign rather than face the catastrophic arguments of the President. He was broken on the wheel of the Ghazi's autocracy, whilst the ladies continued to revolve in fox-trots and to powder their faces in public after the best European models.

A more serious attack had to be met in the Assembly, where a direct challenge was made to his predominant position in the Government. The intentional vagueness on Kemal's part regarding the powers of the President of the Assembly has been emphasised. As Commander-in-Chief he ceased to carry out his functions as President of the Council of Commissars, which now usually met under one of their number as simple chairman, the whole body being responsible to Kemal in virtue of his supreme military authority. Now, with the tacit encouragement of Rauf Bey, an Amending Bill to the Fundamental Law sought to introduce the niceties of constitutional government into the Nationalist régime. It proposed to allow only consultative powers to the President, who would become the ceremonial head of the Government and act as a link between the Ministry and the Parliament,

whilst the real power would be held by the Prime Minister and Cabinet, over which the Assembly exercised control. Mustapha Kemal was not the sort of man to submit to a plan which so transparently cleared the way for his rivals. Like all statesmen in office, his first object was to retain power, and the speech he made on this occasion is one of the brightest examples of his parliamentary skill. He had to be careful, for he could afford to estrange neither of the opposition groups in the Assembly. At the same time if he showed Parliament too much deference he might lose influence with the army which, since the victory of Sakaria, cherished political ambitions of its own. Already restlessness at Kemal's decision against a winter offensive had culminated in a plot for which twenty-five officers—said to be Enverists—were condemned to death. Passion ran high. Unless it were controlled and diverted, it might split the movement.

He began therefore in an historical key—always a useful sedative to party feeling. Taking the members back half a century, he explained how the Constitution framed by the ill-starred Midhat Pasha was simply an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, of a Europe which had become restless and hostile in consequence of Turkey's alleged ill-treatment of Christians. No allusion could have been more agreeable to the Chauvinism of the Assembly. And when he went on to declare that this Constitution had

never been meant to work for the benefit of the Turkish people but was intended simply to attract western sympathy, the deputies were ready to curse with him so detestable a disloyalty to their country, now experiencing the full measure of Europe's ingrained hostility to the Turk. In comparison with the well-meaning sentimentalist Midhat, Kemal hinted that Abdul Hamid, who brushed the scheme aside and anyhow did not flatter the Christians, might seem almost a patriot.

This exploitation of racial sentiment prepared the way for an attack on the Committee of Union and Progress, which Kemal still feared. The Committee, he pointed out, revived this Constitution, that instrument of foreign provenance, and then proceeded to establish the rule of a *camarilla*. Had the last Sultan been a different man, he would have swept away such incompetents whose rule was disastrous to the nation. Thus Kemal castigated Talaat and Enver, but lest the deputies should think he had any illusions about the actual sovereign, the traitor Wahid-ed-Din, he made it clear that, if the Ottoman people were not disposed to do any violence to the special religious privileges of the Caliph, the Sultan's power must be still further diminished. The Sultan—and at the mention of his name one deputy, probably by arrangement, shouted 'God destroy him!'—the Sultan, said Kemal, must learn that he was the people's servant.

How could the three hundred deputies restrain

their enthusiasm at a statement so flattering to themselves? And what but agree that though Mustapha Kemal's powers over the Commissars might be the subject of theoretical objection—he frankly did justice to his critics in this point—yet they worked? They worked because his object was not to throw dust in the eyes of Europe but to serve the Turkish people. With this pragmatical argument, introduced almost as an afterthought, he persuaded the Assembly to refer the Bill to a Commission of Investigation, and for the moment had the better of his adversaries. Still underground agitation continued to embarrass Kemal's position. In spite of an extension of his military dictatorship for three months and his re-election subsequently as President of the Assembly, he was seriously threatened. Both Rauf and Refet resigned their posts as Commissars, and Kemal, looking round for allies, encouraged the Communists, led by a gentle visionary whom he could lay aside when he wanted, a party manœuvre which Europe interpreted as a sign that the 'extremist element' was in control at Angora. This struggle of personalities, behind which lay the rivalry between Constantinople and Angora, carried on amidst acute financial stringency, ended in something like a victory for Rauf. Kemal's suggested compromise that the new Commissars should be co-opted by himself and the existing Commissars was turned down, and he had to agree to their

free election by the Assembly. As a result, Rauf became in July head of a new ministry, which included five men who had been members of the Committee of Union and Progress, and the notorious Jelal ed Din, who had already set himself up in opposition to Kemal.

This set-back decided him to organise a party of his own, which was to prove the deciding factor in the next elections. The danger from the Committee resulted in his returning evil for good in the case of his former friend and protector, Djemal Pasha, whom he refused permission to return to Turkey, a refusal quickly followed by Djemal's assassination at the hands of two Armenians in Batum—a revenge for the thousands he had slain. With the growing power of Enver on the other hand, who led a motley force of 60,000 in Transcaucasia, Kemal temporised, and the negotiations he had with his former enemy led to the report that the two had formed an alliance, by which each promised to support the other in his respective sphere. In high politics, as Morley has sententiously observed, all is fluid, and the foe of to-day is the friend of to-morrow.

Domestic politics, however, ranked second in importance so long as the Greeks remained in Anatolia. Kemal tried hard to secure their evacuation by peaceful means. But though the Allies realised that the Treaty of Sèvres must be revised, they could not bring themselves to

recommend the Greeks to withdraw. For the Turks this was a *sine qua non*, and Kemal had to use all his eloquence with the Assembly, where he blamed the 'faint-hearted pessimists' of the 'Second Group'—the euphemistic term for the opposition—before he could secure an indefinite prolongation of his military powers in order to deal with the Greeks who still held the fairest portions of Western Anatolia.

All through the spring and summer of 1922 Mustapha Kemal worked at the reorganisation of the Turkish army, and by July, thanks to help from French, Italian, and Russian sources, he stood ready to strike. The Greeks knew the blow was coming and trembled. Their backer, Mr Lloyd George, faced with the consequences of his policy, against which his military adviser, Sir Henry Wilson, had vainly warned him, did what he could to encourage them, and in the House of Commons blamed the 'Kemalists' for not agreeing to a 'just peace.' The fact, he argued, that the Allies had forbidden the Greeks to occupy Constantinople was evidence of their receiving no preferential treatment—he did not add that such an occupation, far from ending the war, would only have strengthened the Nationalists and made it easier for Kemal to secure the complete ascendancy of Angora. Though this speech was read as an Order of the Day to the Greek army, it did nothing to unite the Royalist and Venezelist factions that rent it. But it acted as a tonic to

the Nationalists, and if Mr Lloyd George's statue does not stand in Angora, it is only another proof of the ingratitude of politics. In spite, however, of the disingenuousness of British policy with its pretence of neutrality, Kemal made one more effort for peace. Undeterred by the failure of Yusuf Kemal, the Foreign Commissar, who had been to London in March, he sent the faithful Fethi Bey to try to enter into pourparlers with the British Government. The result was the same. Fethi failed to secure an interview with any member of the Cabinet, and before leaving London in disgust on the 23rd August, cabled 'Attack'—a word that sealed the fate of the Greeks and helped to bring down the Coalition Ministry.

Since the twentieth of the month, Mustapha Kemal had been at Headquarters waiting for the signal, and early on the morning of the twenty-sixth he launched the offensive which was to give peace to Turkey. 'Soldiers, your goal is the Mediterranean.' In this Napoleonic phraseology began his order of the day that loosed the Turkish army on the invaders. The campaign, accompanied by atrocities that shocked a jaded world, lasted less than three weeks, ending with the spectacular burning in Smyrna, 'giaour' Smyrna which, like Constantinople and Alexandria, had always remained at heart a Greek city. From the start the Greek resistance crumbled. It soon broke into a rout in which the demoralised Greeks burnt and slew. The Turks took their

revenge not less efficaciously, and the centuries of antagonism between the two races blazed up into a final scene of horror that affected the most war-hardened veterans. Mustapha Kemal alone seemed to be proof against any such feelings. He listened to the stories of woe poured into his ears by the survivors who had escaped the murder and arson and the rape, committed by a defeated enemy—and said little. He watched Turkish women avenge their ravishing by lynching some miserable Greek straggler—and did not interfere. Such things were a sign that Greeks and Turks were to live side by side no longer. In the new Turkey there should be no mixture of races to sully its homogeneity. Sentiment was a luxury which he despised.

And when the victory was sealed by the surrender of the two Greek generals, Tricoupis and Dionis, he remained the perfect soldier, unruffled and serene. The prisoners were conducted to his Headquarters at Ushak amidst the imprecations of the populace. As they entered the room they saluted and bowed stiffly to Kemal, by whose side stood Fevzi, with expressionless countenance, and Ismet, his eyes flashing scorn and anger. But Kemal with easy courtesy held out his hand and greeted Tricoupis heartily, saying as he did so, 'Sit down, General, you must be tired'—a chivalry that was not observed in the Pullman car where a more famous meeting of enemies took place in November 1918.

They sat round the table and Kemal discussed the campaign in dubious French as if it had been a staff exercise. He and Tricoupis were soon deep in argument. The Greek explained how he had planned some counter-stroke ; the Turk replied what riposte he had prepared for it. So they paid a common homage to the great art of war until the two Greek generals began an argument between themselves. Thereupon Kemal rose and asked Tricoupis whether he could do him any service. ' Yes ; inform his wife, who was in Constantinople, of his fate.' Then again Mustapha Kemal took him by the hand, and as he held it consoled him for his defeat, saying that war was a game of chance in which the best men were sometimes worsted. The Greek, with too free a play of gesture, replied that he had not done the last thing that was his duty, a reference to the suicide he had failed to commit, which caused Kemal to curl his lip and screw up his eyes as he remarked that this concerned only himself.

When the pair had gone, Halidé Edib Hanem, who relates this interview, records that Mustapha Kemal looked disappointed, as if he had fought with an enemy unworthy of his mettle.

CHAPTER XV.

Mustapha Kemal abolishes the Sultanate and Marries.

THE victory was won. Mustapha Kemal had not miscalculated the endurance of his race or the suffering it was prepared to pay in reaching its goal. It only remained to harvest in the field of diplomacy the fruits of an extraordinary military achievement. The creation of a homogeneous Turkish state, enjoying complete political and economic independence, would consolidate a freedom so dearly bought. Freedom—Kemal had no illusions about the interpretation of that magic word. Freedom was not a thing to be entrusted to the cross-currents of party politics, to men who deluded themselves with phrases. ‘In great enterprises a capable and energetic leader is absolutely essential.’ So he had stated in the early days of the movement at Erzerum. And the real greatness of the enterprise was only just beginning to be apparent. It bristled with dangers. There was to be no halcyon period during which they would enjoy the peace they had earned. Did not the teachings of science, of western science, prove that life was an unending struggle in which the strong survived and the

weak went to the wall? Already he looked forward to showing that he was not one of the weak. Political nettles grew rank and thick, both in Angora and Stamboul. He meant to grasp them firmly.

The Sultan, as the biggest and rankest, was the first to suffer. But Kemal, whose delicate hands are symbolical of a mind that moves subtly towards its purpose, hesitated, waiting for his enemies to let him seize it without the possibility of getting stung. He did not have to wait long. The Allies soon helped him score the last point in the duel with the Padishah whose seconds they had been. Had Wahid-ed-Din at this time invited Kemal to become Grand Vizier, the Bash-Commandan might have found it difficult to withstand party opinion, led by Rauf, which still looked to the fusion of the two governments under the constitutional figurehead of a Sultan. Instead of that, Wahid-ed-Din associated himself with the Allies' request that Angora should send delegates to Lausanne, where the Sultan was also be represented.

To have agreed to such a proposal, which meant a divided Turkey at the conference table, would have stultified the whole of the Nationalist policy, and Tewfiq Pasha, the Grand Vizier, in giving this plan his blessing, only succeeded in throwing the opposition into the arms of Kemal, who seized the heaven-sent opportunity. So high did passion run in the Assembly that none

opposed him when he rose to give the *coup de grâce* to an institution under which the Turks had lived for six centuries and under which it had become a world-power. Outspokenly he declared that there could be no more Sultans in Turkey. The Sultanate must go—root and branch. Neither need the deputies worry about the legal aspect of the matter, for the Sultan's abdication was unnecessary to give them the powers inherent in his person. 'The Sovereignty does not hand itself over. One takes it. In the past the Ottoman dynasty usurped it. To-day it is resumed by the nation. That is an accomplished fact which must be accepted.' So ran Kemal's speech. In the temper of the Grand National Assembly little persuasion was needed for it to declare itself the only legitimate government in Turkey, to abolish the Sultanate and to satisfy such loyalties as persisted to the house of Osman by asserting that the Caliphate shorn of its temporal power remained an appanage of the former imperial family. This was a half-way house to his future programme of secularisation, since such a Caliph could be no more than a creature of the civil power. For the moment Kemal lulled the religious scruples that still influenced many of the leading members of the Parliament.

That night he and those with whom he had been associated for three perilous years drank deep to the health of the new régime, and as the

champagne flowed at Tchan Kaya the Pasha's heart, under its genial influence, grew soft towards his 'real comrades and brothers.' Wine that makes glad the heart of Moslem and Christian alike, dispelled for the moment the miasma of suspicion created by parasites who were 'mere tongs and dogs.' He grew soft towards Ali Fuad Pasha, Kiazim Kara Bekir, and the other Nationalist chiefs, who had stood with him in the days when they all carried traitors' halters round their necks. In those early hours of a November morning it seemed that Mustapha Kemal had put aside his unworthy flatterers. For the future a blessed good-will was to replace the suspicion which had been the basis of Turkish government when the Sovereignty lay with the Sultans. A golden day of liberalism seemed about to dawn as these soldiers who had been trained in a hard and corrupt school tipsily renewed their vows of fellowship.

Eski dost dushman olmaz—an old friend cannot be an enemy. Thus runs the Turkish proverb. In the new Turkey it was hardly to prove true of Mustapha Kemal and his comrades in arms. But then they were moving in a queer world of bitter paradox. So must have reflected the two Frenchmen, who a few days before suffered the pain and indignity of the bastinado for importing wine into Turkey, a Turkey which the Grand National Assembly had solemnly declared to be 'dry'—had they known of

the President's celebration of this historic event.

Mustapha Kemal's heart had also been softened by a tenderer passion than loyalty. Hitherto following his career with ferocious application, he had resisted the entanglements of matrimony. The Mustapha Kemal of human clay may have taken his pleasures where he found them ; the Mustapha Kemal, embodying the new idea, the new mode of thought, kept himself unmated and free. The ladies in Angora had not failed to sympathise with the unrequited devotion of the beautiful Fikrié and to wonder whether Ghazi Pasha would take his cousin to wife. She was fated never to rise above the rank of *châtelaine* of the presidential modest mansion, Tchan Kaya. For when the Ghazi arrived in Smyrna at the zenith of his military glory, this younger brother of Mars fell a victim to Cupid.

A Turkish merchant of that town had a daughter, Latifé, whose physical charms were only equalled by her intellectual attainments. Educated in France and England, she was stylish, intelligent, modern, free-thinking, advanced, the very type of womanhood which Kemal wished to see as the mothers of the regenerated Turkish race. When she told him that she carried a photograph of the Turkish liberator in a locket round her neck, that her father had lost most of his property in the fire, but that she didn't mind so long as Turkey was free, the man and the patriot were both enchanted.

The iron soldier capitulated. He offered his hand to this ideal of the feminine virtues, who could talk, dance, and drink cocktails. At once as his betrothed she proved a worthy helpmeet, translating his despatches, and helping him in his deliberations with her woman's wit. It was an idyll after an epic. All Turkey rejoiced, and the buying of the wedding ring afforded a serious additional responsibility to the Turkish delegates at the first abortive Conference of Lausanne.

When Tchan Kaya received its new mistress, it looked as if Mustapha Kemal's star led him with the same certainty along the mazy paths of love as through the more straightforward dangers of the camp and the council chamber, although superstitious folk shook their heads at no Imam being present at the marriage, an anti-clerical gesture for which Allah might well fail to bless the union. And when the unhappy Fikrié, returning to Angora from Europe only to be refused admission to the house she had once ordered, withdrew and shot herself, the gossips looked upon it as ominous. Their misgivings were justified. For after less than three years of a marriage unblessed by offspring, the President and his young wife, these two specimens of an enfranchised people, agreed to separate.

So at least may be interpreted the Ghazi's bald announcement of his divorce. Various reasons are alleged as responsible for this one failure in Mustapha Kemal's career. That he

had defeated his country's enemies and proscribed his political opponents only to find that he had to give way to his spouse, that instead of ruling he was being ruled—this they say irked him. Rumour, however untrustworthy, also has it that she objected to his lax interpretation of the marriage bond, and that her culture proved too nice and too European for his bachelor habits. It would be impertinent to peer behind the veil of this domestic drama. In fact Mustapha Kemal has ventured no more experiments in this field, though it remains the ambition of every Turkish maiden that the Ghazi should single her out as the recipient of his favours. So much for an episode in a career dominated by a different form of egoism to that of which love is compounded. For Mustapha Kemal the new Turkey stood as the ideal passion, that crude youngster in trousers to whose charms no Pierre Loti or other amateur of decadence could ever have succumbed.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mustapha Kemal begins to lay the foundations of peace. He dissolves the Assembly. The People's Party, of which he has assumed the leadership, secures a majority at the ensuing elections.

DURING the winter of 1922-23, whilst peace delayed amidst the litter of the conference tables at Lausanne, Mustapha Kemal took the decisive step in the organisation of the new régime.

The problem lay in reconciling the antinomies of liberty and order which lie at the root of all government. Sovereignty rested with the people; the voice of the many could only achieve articulate expression through the rule of one. At such a moment the Ghazi Pasha, as he toured the country in the guise of a conqueror—the first Turkey had known for generations—might have discarded such a solution for a military dictatorship. But though this would have been easy and popular and consonant with Turkish traditions, it ran counter to his conviction that the army should not take part in politics and to his faith—one must squeeze all irony out of the phrase—in the national will. He preferred to

canalise the enthusiasm of his countrymen by organising a political party through which he could exercise control over the Assembly.

He made his intentions clear. A military victory, he said, was insufficient of itself to guarantee the future. This must be assured by political and administrative development—one cannot blame Kemal for using generalities that are the current coin of politicians in all countries—along sound lines, such as had been worked out in the most advanced western countries. A programme of scientific reform was necessary, and this required scientific party organisation. The People's Party, which now came into being to play a vital rôle in the Republic, is an example of the dualism shown by the Fascist Party in Italy and by the Communist Party in Russia. Our own Trade Unions made an attempt to achieve a similar position in the government of Great Britain during the general strike. This development of the doctrine of the sovereign people and of the divine right of an organised minority to impose its will upon the unorganised majority is based on a discipline which overrides all other loyalties, and in employing this rigorous subordination for purely party ends pushes the logic of parliamentary government to a conclusion that is absurd, thereby proving that government is an art and not a science.

That, however, is beside the point. Mustapha Kemal had to adapt a philosophy of political

science built upon the common sense of the Anglo-Saxon character to conditions in which only a very free translation was possible. It is enough to point out that his power has rested upon the People's Party since the general election in the summer of 1923, and that, in spite of every temptation to make himself dictator for life, his tenure of office still remains renewable every four years with the life of successive Parliaments. Not that he secured a parliamentary majority without a sharp struggle. His adversaries in the Assembly of which the sands were now running out, opposed him where they could, particularly in his weakest point, the still unmade Treaty of Peace. As negotiations dragged on throughout the winter at Lausanne, Ismet was attacked as a weak-kneed negotiator, ready to sign a 'second Treaty of Sèvres.' The British Government obligingly played into Kemal's hands when Lord Curzon on 4th February, driven to despair by being unable to make Ismet either hear or understand his requirements, incontinently left the Conference and returned in disgust to London. This strong action of a man who had weakly followed the policy of his Prime Minister caused an outbreak of xenophobia in the Assembly, which the Ghazi Pasha turned to domestic profit.

On the broad question of the peace terms he knew that they would obtain what they wanted, so long as they remained firm. The speech he

made in the Assembly, with Ismet by his side, had the moderation of all his public utterances which were meant for the world at large. Turkey was peaceful, he said, an affirmation that his black frock coat seemed to emphasise, and it was ready to enter into friendly relations with all countries. At the same time Turkey would fight if necessary, for life was nothing without independence. And it would win through, so long as it trusted in its real strength, which lay in the National Pact and in the Constitution that had removed the sovereignty from an individual and vested it in the whole nation.

Supported by a resolution of the unanimous deputies, Ismet returned to Lausanne to obtain the terms which he had previously been refused, whilst Kemal employed the remaining fervour of revolutionary sentiment to secure the passage of a Bill which would tie his opponents' hands in the coming electoral campaign. He lashed the brutal imperialism of the Allies. It was a contagion, he said, from which America was free, and Turkey would show its appreciation by allowing American citizens to develop the unexploited wealth of Anatolia. The so-called Chester Concessions which Angora toyed with at this time excited passionate fears in Paris, still anxious to preserve its traditional financial ties with Turkey. The Press covered the Allies' statesmen with obloquy. Kemal himself went so far as to be rude to the French Consul at Messina.

It was all part of a game. Everything helped—the articles of Lord Rothermere in those pacific organs, the *Daily Mail* and the *Sunday Dispatch*, calling for peace with Turkey, the visit of the Hungarian Prime Minister to Angora, who bore a sword of honour subscribed for him by the people of Budapest in admiration of the way he struggled against the wicked victors in the world war. With such a flattering testimonial from their European cousins, the Ghazi Pasha rose in the Assembly to deprecate the idea that his, or any dictatorship, was possible in democratic Turkey, which was devoted to the maintenance of a popular sovereignty. But was it devoted? He stigmatised the French and the English, who still regretted the Sultan. But what of those Turks who still believed that the Sultanate was not dead, but only sleeping? Surely these were the deadliest traitors of all, and there could be no place for them in the new Turkey.

His enemies of the Second Group cherished their fears. The rest succumbed to Kemal's parliamentary arts, and by making it a treasonable offence to write, say, or do anything to question the legitimacy of the Assembly or the finality of the abolition of the Sultanate, any effectual opposition to the actual régime was prevented. Thanks to this law of treason, which muzzled opponents, and to the People's Party, which organised supporters, Mustapha Kemal's constitutional position was finally secured.

When the time came for the electoral cat to jump, it leapt somewhat reluctantly through the hoop Mustapha Kemal held out. It had seemed as if the People's Party would sweep the country. Candidates came forward in battalions, their numbers rose till they reached that of a Turkish Army Corps. Lord Beaverbrook's overnight achievement in an analogous venture pales besides that which attended Kemal's efforts. Nearly five thousand patriots, pledged to submit to the discipline of the Party and to follow where Ghazi Pasha might lead, are said to have offered themselves to the suffrages of their countrymen.¹ Less than two hundred were returned, and these soon learnt that they must vote and be silent. They were members of an army and must obey.

For the Ghazi, in spite of his prestige and the law of treason, had not squelched the opposition, which, although it truculently asserted its intention of retaliating for its banishment from the Chamber by agitation in the country, was still represented there. The jealousy of a dictatorship persisted, and the jealousy, too, of Constantinople for the upstart Angora. It was, however, to Kemal's advantage that the new Assembly retained the revolutionary temper of the old and could be swayed by gusts of passion which were not difficult for him to generate. If the first Grand National Assembly made the

¹ Election in Turkey is in two degrees.

National Pact and unmade the Sultanate, a narrow majority in the second built the bridge over which in grim determination the Ghazi Pasha leads his people from the middle ages of theocracy and the picturesque rule of Allah to the drab modern world of scientific materialism.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mustapha Kemal abolishes the Caliphate and forecasts the westernising policy he means to introduce.

THE second Grand National Assembly began its labours by ratifying the Treaty of Lausanne, magniloquently described by Kemal as the greatest diplomatic victory of which history has record. Possibly it may stand to posterity as his finest achievement. Thanks to his undeviating determination over a period of three and a half years, Turkey, instead of acting as whipping-boy for Germany, the rôle originally cast for it by the Treaty of Sèvres, was able, alone of the enemy powers, to secure a negotiated peace, and such a peace as secured every essential condition laid down in the National Pact. By the abolition of the Capitulations, the most striking success won by Ismet, Turkey actually found itself in a more favourable situation than before the war, or than Egypt (still shackled by the same Capitulations) in spite of the generous assistance in man-power and supplies it provided for the Allies in the campaign against Turkey. The only major issue where Mustapha Kemal did not have his own way was in the future of Mosul, reserved by

the Treaty and ultimately accorded to Great Britain.

The credit for having fashioned the instrument that enabled Turkey to extract such terms belongs entirely to Mustapha Kemal, and his choice of Ismet as chief delegate abundantly justified itself, for he used with bravura the traditional Turkish diplomatic weapons of obstinacy and patience. So every one admitted, except Rauf Bey, the 'Bash-Vekil,' or Chief Commissar. He thought otherwise, or at least chose this ground for breaking with his chief, whom he saw would be unassailable in the new Assembly. When Ismet was to be officially welcomed at Angora as the 'Victor of Lausanne,' Rauf declared that the state of his nerves would not allow him to greet Ismet in public. 'Then you must resign,' said the Ghazi, and resign he did, the fidus Achates, Fethi Bey, taking his place with a stop-gap cabinet.

But Rauf, if driven from office, did not retire from politics, and his opposition, his 'intrigues,' as Mustapha Kemal calls them, using a word often conveniently applied by those in power to their would-be supplanters, induced the Ghazi to take the next decisive step towards the putting off of the old Turk and the putting on of the new. A Commission was engaged in studying the necessary amendments to the Constitution. Controversy centred round the question of the separation of powers, the real point at issue being whether

Mustapha Kemal should, or should not, be supreme. The Sultanate was abolished, but a Caliph still held his court in Stamboul and united in his person such traditional loyalties as the Turk in particular might feel towards the imperial Osmanli family, and the Moslem world in general towards their spiritual chief. Abdul Mejid, who filled this position, unlike his relative the ex-Sultan, was a man of parts, a cultured and enlightened Moslem, well fitted to play the rôle of constitutional sovereign in a Turkey, liberal but still definitely Islamic, such as the moderate Nationalist leaders envisaged.

Round this estimable person the opposition crystallised. It had the support of the Constantinople Press, anxious to spike the guns of Angora, and of the 'hodjas' who inveighed in the mosques against a free-thinking and impious régime. The agitation quickly grew dangerous to Kemal's political position. Even at Angora he had many doubtful allies who wished him to become President of a Republic fashioned on the French model. So strong were these at one moment that it was rumoured the Ghazi would not stand for the Presidency but would hand over the nominal headship to Ismet or Fevzi, himself becoming Premier. But the Commission was hopelessly divided, and it seemed useless to wait longer for its deliberations to bear fruit. On the evening of 28th October 1923, therefore, Kemal, after having laid his plans and seen to it

that the army was prepared for the change, summoned his friends to Tchan Kaya, and told them that the Republic would be proclaimed on the morrow. The salute of one hundred and one guns which thundered out at two in the morning proclaimed to the world that Turkey had adopted the form of government that was alone compatible with the rational idealism of the twentieth century.

With a becoming unanimity — more than forty per cent. of the deputies refrained from attending the session—the Assembly, from which Rauf and the other opposition leaders were absent, voted for the Republic and elected Mustapha Kemal as President. If the one was a formality, since abolition of the Sultanate had in fact made Turkey into a Republic, the other stands as the first milestone on the rough road that leads towards the west.

Henceforth the Ghazi Pasha enjoyed an unquestioned supremacy. He was, as the Constantinople papers pointed out, a four-fold President. He was President of the Republic, President of the Council of Ministers, for the title of Commissar was now dropped, President of the Assembly, and President of the People's Party. At last this President of Presidents could exert that absolute authority without which his ambition, patriotism, zeal, and the many qualities which make up so strange a complex of Asiatic and European, could not achieve realisation.

Like all zealots, he is open to the charge of inconsistency. From the beginning of the new régime, 'in which sovereignty belongs without restriction to the Nation,' he used the traditional Turkish methods of dealing with opponents. Arrest, an apology for trial, the hangman's rope—this trio is a familiar feature of the infancy of the Republic. The Ghazi Pasha has been entirely ruthless. He has trampled on his enemies and sent personal friends to the gallows. Not only politicians, who know the risks of public life, but many humble Turks have swung from the gibbet for reasons that shock the sentimental Anglo-Saxon conscience. A word spoken in anger, a dislike of the new sartorial fashions, too emphatically expressed—for such things the citizens of the Turkish Republic have paid with their lives. Mustapha Kemal's justification must be that without such harsh medicine Turkey would never have laid the basis of a national life organised under the rule of law. *Salus reipublicae suprema lex.* 'A strong lead, little discussion, and the realisation that existence can be secured only by struggling and by force'—this is the epitome of the system with which he has governed Turkey. Without an iron hand to guide it, his work would have been swept away almost before it had been begun.

He soon found an opportunity of proving that he meant to carry out his precepts. 'The phantom of the Caliphate' still stood across his path.

So long as a Caliph and an Osmanli Prince remained in Constantinople the break with the past was incomplete and Turkey could not become a lay and secular state. It provided the opposition with a rallying-point, and the realism of Kemal's policy, both domestic and foreign, was liable to be clouded by all sorts of prepossessions and religious chimeras which in the past had only been disadvantageous to the national welfare. Mustapha Kemal had long decided that Abdul Mejid and every member of the Osmanli house must be expelled from republican Turkey. He awaited a pretext for drastic action. Once again, and for the last time, it came from Great Britain. On this occasion, not the Government, but two Indian Moslems, played into his hands. The Aga Khan and the Ameer Ali, presumably prompted thereto by those Turks who saw in Abdul Mejid their last remaining weapon against the rule of Mustapha Kemal, wrote a letter to Ismet, the Prime Minister, asking that the Caliph of Islam should be given 'the power and the honour due to his position.' By the same post they sent copies to the three principal papers in Constantinople, and, as might be expected, these were published before the original reached Angora.

This foolish proceeding on the part of the two self-constituted spokesmen of the Sunni Moslems of India had by no means the effect anticipated. It was easy to interpret such a clumsy step as

proof that the young Republic was still encircled by enemies, and Kemal's immediate reply was to bring the three guilty editors to trial before a Tribunal of Independence—the first of the political courts which were soon to extend their Star Chamber activities throughout the whole of Turkey, for the liberty of the press was a 'natural right' which editors and journalists soon learnt should be exercised with caution. In the event the three were acquitted. But Abdul Mejid stood in the way. He was an anachronism. The Caliphate must be ended, not mended. And after Kemal had coldly rejected the proposal made to him by a group of deputies that he himself should assume the rôle of the Prophet's successor, he mounted the tribune, and in a short, matter-of-fact speech, symbolical of the future he adumbrated, told the House of the programme he had in view, a programme that would change the whole face of Turkish life. For the Islamic state under which twenty generations of Turks had lived and died they were to substitute a secular and 'scientific' administration. The primary religious schools were to be abolished, the *awkaḥ*, properties held by a religious title, abrogated. And most important of all, modern civil and criminal codes were to take the place of the Sheria, the system of Islamic law founded upon the Koran and the Traditions.

This was his programme. And with it went as a corollary the abolition of the Caliphate and

the exile of the remaining Osmanli Princes. In the heated temper of the Assembly, the People's Party followed its leader's orders with military precision, and against the frontal attack the entire theocratic régime crumbled. The 'umbilical cord' which bound Turkey to its Asiatic traditions was severed. In the early hours of 5th March 1924, a little procession of motor cars started from Stamboul for the frontier, taking the Caliph and his family on the first stage of their exile. And Allah accompanied them.

For the moment this revolution excited hardly a ripple of protest, thus belying the prognostications of those who believed in the deep-seated loyalty of the Anatolian peasantry to the Caliph. How little these were influenced by religious loyalties was shown in the following year, when they marched against the Kurds, who were professedly fighting for God and the Book. But if the Star and Crescent had ceased to shine for the humble, there were vested interests and hungry place-hunters and doctrinaire liberals and honest conservatives who might combine to divert the policy of the Republic once again towards the east. As a precaution, therefore, Kemal sent Tribunals of Independence to all the chief towns, formidable engines of rough justice, consisting each of three deputies of the People's Party, two of whom acted as judges and the third as prosecutor in courts where the accused were not allowed the help of counsel. Their operation

was not more repugnant to modern ideas than the assizes held by a certain Lord Chief Justice of England two centuries after this country had emerged from the Middle Ages, in the shadow of which Turkey lay still.

The voyage begun that March has since continued without interruption, though a storm encountered by the Republic soon after leaving port put a serious strain upon the vessel. Responsibility for the Kurdish insurrection, which broke out in the first year of the new régime, has been laid by Kemal on the 'three Pashas'—Kiazim Kara Bekir, Refet, and Ali Fuad—who had set themselves in open opposition by the formation of the Progressive Party. A euphemistic appellation, for the only homage this Party paid to progress was in the name. Its real support lay in those who rejoiced in the static world of the mosque and the hubble-bubble, and it was these sentiments of yester-year that the Party exploited even in the Assembly. Thus voices began to be raised against the impieties of the godless age, and a member for Erzerum bluntly declared that Progress was nothing but a cloak for fornication and drunkenness. Thanks to his eloquence the Assembly, which spoke with the sovereign voice on all subjects, made mixed bathing an indictable offence for Moslem ladies, and the Ghazi Pasha, already meditating the complete enfranchisement of the sex, must have smiled grimly as he saw his theories of the sovereignty of the

people thus used to bolster up the 'illusions' he meant to destroy and the idols he meant to shatter.

But in saving their women-folk from their lower natures and the dangers of the Marmora beaches, the deputies were putting their own corporate existence in jeopardy. The evidences of dissension at Angora were not lost upon the Kurds, who already nourished grievances against the Republic. These were now the only important non-Turkish element in the country, since thanks largely to them, the Armenians had been massacred, whilst the Greeks of Ionia, thanks to the policy known as the exchange of populations, had been deported in bulk. Racial, as well as economic and religious causes, excited Kurdish anatagonism to the uncompromising rule of Angora. The chieftains disliked the new centralising policy which threatened the semi-autonomous feudalism they had enjoyed under the Sultans, and they determined to try and assert their old privileges by the hazards of civil war.

For the moment the Republic reeled under the shock of this rising. But Mustapha Kemal acted with his usual determination, and within a month it was under control. In two, the Republican armies, amounting to 80,000 men, had encircled the rebel areas, and though the Kurdish leader, Sheikh Said, for the moment escaped, he was caught later, and in June suffered public execution

in the main square at Angora.¹ Apart from its serious effects on a country already suffering from economic anæmia, it only caused the President to set his face more steadily than before towards the west and to strike down the dissentient elements in the country. During the summer of 1925 the Tribunals of Independence, now extending their activities throughout the provinces, closed all the Dervish monasteries, professedly following the injunction of the Prophet, who said there should be no monasticism in Islam. The Government followed this up by doing away with the religious seminaries and abolishing the privileges, titles, and special costumes hitherto appertaining to the sheikhs. The Moslem soutane was to disappear from Turkey, the Dervishes were no more to vary their mystic quietism by spinning their bodies to the glory of Allah until they sank in physical exhaustion, no longer were small boys to sit swaying on their haunches whilst they learnt the Koran by rote.

¹ Sheikh Said's son has since been arrested (June 1930) for founding a Kurdish association called 'The Friends of Kurdistan.' This secret Nationalist society is said to have ramifications in Syria. It has also branches in Southern Kurdistan, which is now a part of Iraq. The Kurdish insurrection of this summer (1930) shows that this warlike race still cherishes its animosities against the Republic. So far the rising, which has been in the regions contiguous to the Persian border, has only affected the relations between those two countries. But Turkey can hardly fail at some future time to fall out with Iraq over the problems inherent in Kurdish aspirations, which have already taxed Anglo-Iraqi statesmanship.

This was not all. A more sweeping reform was now at hand, which should give irrefragable proof that the Republic had turned its back on the effete past. The Ghazi Pasha at length could give his attention to the question of clothes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mustapha Kemal gives his Countrymen a New Charter of Clothes.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL, realising like the Pope the importance of dress upon morals, was now prepared to grant, or to impose upon, his countrymen the charter of their sartorial freedom, to call in the hatter, the haberdasher, and the tailor to free his fellow-Turk from the Asiatic encumbrances around his person preparatory to freeing his mind from the Asiatic involutions of his thoughts. A new mentality could, perhaps, only be achieved with a new generation. But if the saviour of his country, despite the power of his office and the energy of his forty-three years, could not change the inside of Turkish heads, he could do something at least with the exterior. To a Turk the 'unspeakable significance of dress' had its epitome in the fez that crowned the male believer's person. It stood as the symbol of his manhood and his religion. It distinguished him from the infidel during his life ; after his death its replica in stone stood till the judgment at the head of his grave. The fez, first imposed a century before amidst the grumblings of his subjects by a re-

forming Sultan in place of the unwieldy turban, as being an approximation to the top hat of civilised Europe, had long ceased to be a mark of liberalism. Rather the reverse, and in 1908, indeed, the young Turks, by adopting the kalpak of astrakhan in its place, dissociated themselves from the political Chauvinism that the fez had come to typify.

In spite of this, the fez remained the essential badge of Turkish pride of race, and any Turk who discarded it risked his liberty, possibly his life. Whenever political excitement ran high in Constantinople, the first to suffer from the mob were the despised unbelievers in hats, and the entry of Nationalist troops into the old capital in 1923 was accompanied by brutal outrages on behatted pedestrians. Though the movement amongst the intelligentsia against the fez (of which the kalpak was only a variation) had been gaining momentum, so late as 1924 a student newly returned from Germany suffered arrest in Stamboul for continuing to wear his German hat.

Rien de noble ne se faict sans hazard. Mustapha Kemal's decision to abolish once and for all this ritual head-covering has been adjudged as his boldest measure. Cautiously he began with the army, where the inconvenience of the traditional brimless kalpak, that offered no shade to the eyes, had been experienced in many campaigns. Knowing he could rely on the fidelity of the Republican Guard, he had them served out with *képis*, care

being taken to point out to the men that when they said their prayers all they had to do was to turn the peaks to the back. Not a murmur was raised. The example of the picked corps of the army was quickly followed by the rest of the fighting forces of the Republic, and by the early summer of 1925 every Turkish soldier, sailor, and gendarme was wearing the headpiece previously identified in the racial consciousness with Christians and infidels.

This was the thin end of the wedge. When in early September the Ghazi Pasha, attired in a lounge suit and a panama, made an official visit to Kastamouni, a little town near the Black Sea notoriously entrenched in its conservatism, he slit the accepted conventions of male attire from head to foot. And he did not simply wear the despised hat. At public functions he remained bareheaded and obliged the other functionaries to follow an example that ran counter to every dictate of pious and respectable behaviour.

He did more. By adding precept to practice, he pointed the moral of the change. In the most quoted of all his speeches he declared that the dress common to all civilised peoples was perfectly suited to themselves. 'We will wear,' he said boldly, 'boots and shoes, trousers, shirts, waistcoats, collars, ties. We will add brims to the coverings we place upon our heads—or to speak more plainly' (and here he used the accursed word) 'we will wear hats. We will dress in

morning coats and lounge suits, in smoking-jackets and tail-coats. And if there are persons who hesitate and draw back, I will tell them that they are fools and ignoramuses.'

An historic utterance—and he tacked on the fez the troubles they had so long endured, the fez which stood as the symbol of the backwardness of their ideas and the sterility of their lives. The fez typified the enemy—it *was* the enemy. 'We have only saved ourselves in the course of these past years, thanks to the change in our outlook. We cannot stop now. We must go on and on. The nation must learn that civilisation turns to dust and ashes everything which remains indifferent to its advance.' Thus did the President cry 'Excelsior' to the astonished townsmen of dusty little Kastamouni.

The country re-echoed to his words. Everywhere on this provincial tour the Ghazi Pasha, now wearing a panama, now a homburg, and displaying on his well-knit figure the latest examples of the art of Savile Row, braving the fanatic's dagger and delivering his message even at the street corners, carried on his propaganda, so that clothes became the one subject of conversation for a people only recently emerged from a life and death struggle. The newspapers wrote of nothing else, and grave men discussed the fashions with feminine intensity. Almost every educated Turk became a Fortunatus, who by donning a bowler or a boater desired to annihilate

time and leap over the centuries that Europe had gained in the race.

Once again Mustapha Kemal, confident in his idealism, seemed to have carried the day. On his return to Angora he was greeted by crowds in hats of every shape, size, and colour, and when the ministerial fiat went forth that all civil servants should henceforth discard their fezes, it looked as if his moral influence would be enough to make the rest of the population achieve a similar capital emancipation. With the fez also went the salaam, that salutation of oriental servility by which an inferior makes the gesture of picking up dust and placing it upon his heart, lips, and forehead. In future the superior was to be greeted—so ran the order—by a slight inclination of the head, or out-of-doors by the raising of the hat two finger-breadths from the cranium. And when the chief religious functionary laid it down that the uncovering of the head was a universal mark of respect, a sign of civilised mentality, which should not be denied to Allah, it looked as if Mustapha Kemal had killed the most sensitive nerve in the monster of inertia against which he was battling.

But the fez proved to be something more than a 'petrified idol.' Example was not enough to overthrow it. On the contrary, when a deputy introduced a Bill to make the coiffure of civilisation obligatory, General Nour ed Din Pasha, Commander of the Army Corps which was the first to enter Smyrna, declared that such an enact-

ment was a violation of the articles in the Republican Constitution referring to the rights of personal liberty. The objection of this sincere and pious Moslem roused the revolutionary temper of the House. How could the Constitution, asked one, itself a product of civilisation, be violated by adopting hats which were the very symbol of civilised peoples. Who ever heard of a Parliament in any civilised country discussing the question of hats, asked another. And Nour ed Din Pasha found only one other member to support him in his opposition to a Bill so thoroughly Asiatic in its contempt for individual freedom.

It was not, however, to be enforced without the first exhibition of the ruthlessness of Turk against Turk that the Republican Government has borrowed from the old régime. At Erzerum and Sivas, those cradles of the Nationalist movement, demonstrations took place in favour of the fez ; walls were placarded in the night with incitements to disobedience ; the mosques buzzed with excitement, and all the familiar machinery of opposition in an eastern country which does not enjoy the clemency of British rule was brought into play. Public opinion had been brought near the revolution point ; in some cases it actually boiled over.

But traditional conservatism, however angry, was no match for the cool determination of the Ghazi Pasha and the machine he controlled. All

the odds—the troops, the warships, the intelligentsia, the time-servers, and the ‘ desperadoes ’ who surrounded the President Pasha—were on the side of the hat, and the hat won easily. The Tribunals of Independence passed the harsh and hasty judgments which are often the kindest in the end. Anyone wore a fez at the peril of his life. Ten years’ hard labour was not an uncommon sentence for those who continued to cover their heads as their fathers had done and as the Prophet had ordered. Even the plea that the accused had tried to buy a hat only to find the local hatter sold out was no defence, and unless the Ghazi Pasha has exercised his right of pardon—an improbable contingency—many educated Turks still linger in Turkish jails for having feared to catch cold or to lose their dignity by going bareheaded.

It need hardly be said that Mustapha Kemal had no intention of confining his charter of clothes to the male citizens of the Republic. The very corner-stone of his reforms was the complete emancipation of women from their immemorial bondage of which the veil stood as the symbol. So long as no man, except husband or near relation, could look on a Turkish woman’s face without shame or sin, it was hopeless ever to pretend that Turkey belonged to the enlightened and scientific twentieth century. True, it would be doing Turkish ladies an injustice to suppose that they had never the wit to slip through the

bonds which masculine tyranny placed upon them. Readers of Pierre Loti's romances know how the beauties of Stamboul found opportunities of showing themselves daughters of Eve, and it required no Gallic standard of gallantry to notice in the Stamboul of an earlier generation that the gentle-born lady managed to triumph over the 'glaring impotence of dress,' and despite the veil and cloak to prove that she was fair, and even, it may be, to establish those parallels along which run the well-worn paths of amorous intrigue.

In a word, the Turkish woman of the upper and middle classes chafed at the shackles which unjustly bound her, and to show her resentment often wantonly broke through them. She had already gone a long way to achieving her freedom. Even Abdul Hamid, for all his jealousy of power, which turned his rule into a sombre tyranny obnoxious to every generous impulse, had ideas about the education of women and recognised the evils that lurked in the system of the harem. Emancipation was in the air, and after the Revolution of 1908 a movement began to discard the veil, which gained impetus under the economic strain of the war, when in Turkey, as in other belligerent countries, women had to do the work hitherto performed by men.

Mustapha Kemal, directly he had saved the country from its foreign foes, left no doubt of his ideas or intentions. His courtship of Latifé

Hanem broke through the old traditions, and they were married, too, as any European couple might be, the bride not only taking part in the ceremony, but appearing unveiled. She continued to show her western ways and, as the Ghazi Pasha's wife, accompanied her husband everywhere dressed in the latest modes from the Rue de la Paix. But whilst the emancipated Madame Mustapha Kemal Pasha had been to school in England and Paris had put its cachet upon her, the majority of her sisters were not so fortunate, and these feared to make evident their lack of *chic*, their inexperience of the polite world, by going freely into mixed society. It became evident that Mustapha Kemal, as usual, would have to put his shoulder to the wheel and help it out of one more rut.

In that same September, therefore, when he wore the panama hat in Kastamouni, he gave a dance to the Moslem *beau monde* of Smyrna, an occasion that is a landmark in the social history of Turkey, for to the old-fashioned oriental nothing was more immoral in the behaviour of Europeans than their lascivious manners in the ballroom. Thanks to the brief schooling he had received in the salons of Sofia, the President of the Republic was able to lead off the ball with the daughter of the Governor and to acquit himself without discredit in the fox-trot that gave the final blow to the proprietary notions which inspire the oriental seclusion of women, and showed that henceforth

the sexes were to enjoy a social, as well as a terpsichorean, equality. But their new found freedom momentarily embarrassed them, and Mustapha Kemal, acting as ceremoniarus with the same energy as he showed on the battle-field or in the Assembly, had to order the young officers who stood sheepishly round the doorways to advance boldly on the fair unpartnered belles. These being soldiers, obeyed, and his loudly expressed opinion that no Turkish lady would refuse to dance with those who wore the national uniform conquered the comprehensible shyness of the ladies.

As the result of the impetus by the President, whose balls at Angora became a regular feature of social life, the inhibitions of the professional and official classes were overcome, and 'dancings,' thanks to the gramophone, which played an important part in this revolution in all the larger cities, enjoyed such a vogue that young men with social talents found lucrative openings as dancing-masters.

Women also were able to draw material profit from the fashion, as the advertisement in the local paper of Eski Shehir proved. The dance club in that town languished for lack of lady members so that remuneration was offered to Turkish girls who could dance, the other qualifications being that they should be strong in body, have no physical defect, be able to play some musical instrument, and to talk clearly without stuttering.

A good many there were who stuttered, if only metaphorically. Not that Mustapha Kemal supposed the battle of women's freedom could be won to the rhythms of syncopated music, or that Turkish women would at once become accomplished conversationalists. The habits and prejudices of centuries offered a mass of inertia not easily to be moved. Old Turkey still dreamt its dreams in many a quiet, country town; hundreds of thousands of Turkish citizens still thought it impious to depict the human or animal form, and to the last degree sinful that the passions should be subjected to the temptations of the ballroom, which sometimes inflame even the cold natures of northern peoples. The dead hand of the most puritanical religion that has ever held mankind in subjection still lay over the mouldering little cities, which had sunk deeper into decay now that the Armenians and the Greeks leavened them with their energies no more.

To try and stir these foes of reaction into life, and to awaken their women to the opportunities of their freedom, Mustapha Kemal, enlisting the services of the efficient Turk-Ojac, sent round companies of strolling players to propagate the new ideals. Some of the conservative ladies, discovering that a preliminary to this awakening was their sitting side by side with men, often left the theatre in disgust before the curtain rose. Others endured the unwonted proximity of the male stranger only to be driven away by the de-

praved gestures and licentious acting of their sisters upon the stage, who were holding up the mirror to a world in which women played their parts as doctors, lawyers, and even typists.

A shocking business, they decided, as they put on their now forbidden veils and wrapped their cloaks around them. If in the wake of the players came a visit from a Tribunal of Independence, the rumour of its approach might cause the veils again to disappear and the baggy Turkish trousers of the hundred per cent. male to vanish until these dreaded gentry left the neighbourhood. Things could then return to their comfortable ways. The foreign sceptics pointed out that the western current, which ran strong in the centre and on the surface of the stream, lost its force in these deeper waters which remained stagnant as before. But not quite, perhaps, as before, for the old spirit of fatalism had been inoculated with doubt, and the President of the Republic looked to the next generation, which had not been exhausted by ten years of war, to harvest the reforms that he was giving to his people.

He looked to the younger generation that would be more ready to imbibe western ideas and Turkish nationalism. And he consistently favoured the Turk-Ojac, a cultural organisation going back to the days of the first Revolution of 1908 and now grown to be of nation-wide extent. With its imposing headquarters in Angora, the Turk-Ojac has become a sort of

universal aunt to the Republic, using every device of the missionary technique—the school, the dispensary, the spoken and printed word, the talkie and the movie—to convert the youth of the country to the new ways.

CHAPTER XIX.

Westward Ho !

IF the Ghazi Pasha nursed no illusions about the difficulties of his task, he did not allow discouragement to weaken his driving power. He had created a new social atmosphere amongst the directing classes. The next step was to establish a new social fabric upon the solid basis of law. For some time the question had occupied him and his government. At the Lausanne Conference, Ismet Pasha admitted that abolition of the Capitulations must be followed by a complete modernisation of Turkish law, and in 1924 the old theocratic conceptions by which law was a question of religion, not of nationality, had been swept away with the Caliphate. This cleared the ground for the European Codes that were to form the legal framework of the Republic.

The murmurs at the immense innovation which a western civil code—the Swiss was that chosen as a model—would introduce into Turkish administration caused him to explain once more that the sovereignty of the people brooked no

opposition. ‘The brigands of the Press’ could not be tolerated, and if intellectuals profited by their liberty to interfere with the peaceful development of the country, summary treatment would be theirs. In particular he trounced the lawyers who, with their pretended knowledge, had opposed his constitution which consecrated the sovereignty of the people—the lawyers educated in Europe, pretending to be enlightened liberals, who had long after the proclamation of the Republic continued to be partisans of the Caliphate. Against such obscurantism he would have no mercy. And he proceeded to lay down once more—for it could not be repeated too often—the general principles guiding the secular and republican state.

‘The new Turkish régime,’ he said, ‘rejects in their entirety the old superannuated methods of government. The common bond which unites the national elements and ensures their permanence has abandoned its religious character and taken a national form. We now admit science and civilisation as a principle of life and strength in the domain of international struggles. The country now, as the result of the modifications which have been made in its structure and thought, regards a laic mentality as the single factor of existence.’

Needless to say the opposition crumbled before this vigour, and the Assembly, in the course of a single sitting and without even a division,

adopted the Swiss Civil Code,¹ modified in certain minor details, as the law of the land. Thus polygamy, which continues to exist in Iraq and Egypt, passed out of Turkey, and the privileges of personal status that the Sheriat conferred on Moslems as belonging to the dominant religion, still enjoyed in other Islamic countries, were lost in the equality which all Turkish citizens now enjoy before the law. This example of an Islamic nation adopting a European Code in the place of the traditional law that reposes upon the sanctity of the Koran and on the commentaries of the doctors of the faith, marks a step towards the westernisation of Asia, which is bound to have the greatest possible influence on other Moslem countries. It has been described as a death-blow to Islam. It is something more, for it strikes at the theocratic conceptions of government common to all Asia outside China; it strikes at those ideas of morality that spring from the supposedly superior status and sanctity of the male, ideas colouring both Islam and Buddhism, from which have derived the customs of child marriage in India, of 'marriages for a night' amongst the Shias of Persia, ideas and notions that throughout Asia give to the husband marital rights and privileges denied to the wife.

¹ In the same year, 1926, a new penal code, modelled on that of Italy, though not resigning the death penalty, a new commercial code in which French, German, and Italian elements were embodied, and a contractual code, were also introduced.

Law is the reflection of a people's mentality, and it would be idle to pretend that the machinery of justice works in Turkey with Swiss precision.¹ But at least the machine is there, and Mustapha Kemal has taken the best means to provide for its future efficient functioning by the establishment of a Law School at Angora, where the intellectual atmosphere is completely European, and where neither Koranic nor Marxian influences are allowed to sway the mind, nor divert attention from the secular ideal that guides Turkey in its gallant struggle to wipe out the past.

A gallant struggle—thus sympathisers viewed it, with the young President as the midwife, or the wet-nurse, of the Republic. Such figures of speech were too homely for the enthusiasts of the People's Party, to whom their leader seemed a compendium of the virtues of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Jesus Christ. His Europeanised political opponents admitted him to be a distinguished professional soldier, but complained that he played the game of politics like a wilful, naughty boy, and foreign critics noticed without surprise that under the President's scalpel, which was cutting away every nerve of the old Turkish leviathan, the body gave ominous twitches.

Certainly human obstacles he found irksome,

¹ Grave accusations of corruption, brought against the Minister of Justice by one of the leaders of the Turkish bar, have resulted in the latter being sentenced to two years' imprisonment for criminal libel (May 1930).

and when a clumsy plot to dynamite him came to light in Smyrna, he allowed the police, which the Republic had taken over *en bloc* from the old régime, as much rope as it wanted. As a result, some eleven persons, including half a dozen deputies, were brought to the gallows, several hundreds were tried, many sent to prison, and the 'Three Pashas,' at first suspected of being implicated—though the cases against them broke down—were driven out of public life. The gibbeted corpses of the politicians that swung in the public square at Angora might well discourage others from taking a hand in the dangerous game of party politics—a lesson driven home by the ball the Ghazi gave at Tchan Kaya at the moment this exemplary fate was being meted out to possible rivals. Did this show the callousness of a spoilt child? Or was it such a gesture as the men of the Cinquecento would have understood, hard and cruel maybe, but indicative of the youthfulness that is impatient of anything or any person standing between it and its desires? However that may be, Mustapha Kemal, after striking hard, took the opportunity to discourage future careerists by making illegal the existence of any political organisation except that of which he was the leader, thus turning the People's Party into merely another aspect of the Assembly.

Indubitably he was thorough. He cut deep. But, if we liken him to a surgeon, he had a surgeon's faith in the skill of the nurse to bring the

patient back to health. He trusted implicitly in Europa, now grown to be the tutelar genius of the Republic. Or rather, should one say, he wooed this ideal personage with a frantic devotion he had given to no woman of human clay. He found her adorable in all her aspects—even in the second-rate Viennese music that came to the cafés of Pera. ‘Oriental music,’ ran a presidential *obiter dictum*, ‘no longer satisfies the Turkish soul.’ For waltzes and for ‘jazz’ the Turks must throw aside their own native art to which Mozart and Beethoven had paid their homage.

All the muses were to be welcomed. When some reactionary pædagogues in Stamboul punished their pupils for having taken snapshots—a clear infraction of the Prophet’s orders—he spoke out. ‘We will no longer tolerate,’ he said, ‘a religion that neglects the fine arts.’ Thus, without any eulogy of the Sultan who had been the patron of Gentile Bellini, or of the great builders who had raised the domes and minarets of old Stamboul, he implicitly embraced the whole of the national æsthetic traditions in his condemnation of Islam. He followed up his words by allowing statues of the Saviour of Turkey to be set up in Constantinople and elsewhere. The entire inheritance of commercialised European Art was to be theirs, and the foundations of the Turkish Bohemia were laid when mixed classes studied the female nude—though it was admitted that euripygous Miss Turkey proved

a less satisfactory model than Miss Greece or Miss Rumania.

Most important of all was the question of language. To make Turkish into a suitable vehicle for modern thought, to purge it of its Arabic and Persian accretions, to divorce it from the elaborately beautiful but very inconvenient and unsuitable script which the Turks had taken from the Arabs with the Koran—there was a task indeed. The new Turkish should be the universal tongue over the whole geographical area of the Republic. No more should Greek, or Armenian (which few Englishmen have ever encountered outside the pages of George Borrow), or French be spoken in the land. The old modesty that allowed Arabic to have a monopoly in the Mosque and Greek to compete with Italian in the market-place belonged to the past. God and the foreigners would both have to learn Turkish, which should be the only language within the borders of the Turkish Republic. And those who thought otherwise might expect trouble. Trouble, in consequence, came in full measure to the European and American schools, which had long been attempting to diffuse in Turkey the light of western learning. If the President saw the humour of the paradox, he did not show it, and he allowed no derogations from his policy. He meant to woo Dame Europa himself and to use no marriage-broker in the shape of missionaries to assist him in winning the lady.

On the question of Latin versus Arabic characters, Mustapha Kemal was undeniably right, though the magnitude of the change, the advantages of which had been recognised by his wicked but intelligent old predecessor, Sultan Abdul Hamid, might well have caused him to regard it as beyond the range of practical politics, even in submissive and power-ridden Turkey. For such a reform, besides putting out of action every printing machine and every printer's case in the country, would temporarily reduce every one to a common illiteracy. Yet somehow or other it all happened quite naturally. The Ghazi waited until a congress of Turkish philologists at Baku recommended an adaptation of Latin characters for the common language spoken by Turks throughout Asia, then after quietly proceeding to learn to use the new script himself he was ready to impose it upon his thirteen million fellow-citizens.

Phonetically the guttural sonority of Arabic, loving consonants as it despises vowels, is ill-suited to Turkish, which exploits the hard palate. Not that such academic considerations were predominant in Mustapha Kemal's mind. Cultural, rather than phonetic, advantages were what he sought in the change. He knew that, so long as Turkish was written from right to left, it could never properly diffuse the ideals of European civilisation. The picturesque involutions and intricacies of Arabic script afforded a psycho-

logical background to the oriental mentality which stood as the real enemy of the Republic ; its mere difficulty acted as a barrier against the universal diffusion of reading and writing. In nothing has Turkey given a more striking lead to the Moslem world, and it behoves Arab countries to consider very seriously whether, if they wish to play a part in the Asia of the future, the Asia that hopes to free itself from European tutelage at the cost of adopting its social and political philosophy, they should not follow suit and make the change first recommended to the Egyptians in the last century by an English scholar.

The Ghazi Pasha began by writing notes to his friends in Latin script. Then ' Turk Postolari ' appeared on the postage stamps. The paper money next bore inscriptions in Latin characters, and these were also introduced in the scientific courses at the higher Government Colleges. At length, in August 1928, whilst official Turkey enjoyed its holidays by the Bosphorus, he made a speech foreshadowing the early adoption of the new characters. All through that summer he gave up the leisure of his vacation to imparting the facility he had already acquired. The President held classes in his palace of Dolma Bagtche, at which he instructed ministers, generals, and men-of-letters—unready pupils these—who followed his demonstrations on the blackboard and wrestled with down-strokes, up-strokes, and pot-hooks. The only road to the presidential favour

lay through the Latin characters. High officials calling on business of State were not heard until they had undergone an examination in reading and writing. Even his dancing partners were expected to make themselves proficient, and at least one official ball was interrupted whilst the President, calling for his chalk and blackboard, instructed both the fair and the brave in the new learning. His example proved infectious, and all Constantinople turned itself into a school, hoping, perhaps, in this way to be able to creep back into the favour of the Autocrat and perhaps overcome his strange partiality for Angora.

Every place he visited in the provinces was similarly galvanised into study, and all other business had to give way before the urgency of learning to know Turkish in its new dress. After three months of this intensive pædagogics he formally brought the proposal before the Assembly, pointing out in his speech—the first to be broadcast in Turkey—that the reform was an essential part of the nation's new equipment, and that without it Turkey could not take a place in the family of civilised peoples. Needless to say the deputies, who since the general election of 1927 all belonged to the People's Party, listened obediently, and this measure, like so many other of Kemal's reforms, never went to a division. It was unanimously decreed that after 1st June 1929 the Arabic script should be forbidden, either for writing or printing, and thus this vast change in

the national language was brought about in the short space of ten months, *nemine contradicente*.¹

Like the others, it entailed a good deal of suffering and hardship. The press was badly hit,² for many readers lacked the energy to learn to read again, and the publishing trade suffered from complete paralysis, unofficial statistics showing that only one book was published during 1929.

Seul le silence est grand is a sentiment the west may relearn from its Turkish Cinderella, though Turkish pens were not silent from moral reasons, but rather from the difficulty of making inspiration flow from left to right. But the Ghazi and the voice of the people must be obeyed, even if journalists had to give surreptitious rein to inspiration in Arabic script and then transliterate the result to the Latin—a clumsy and tiresome business. Whatever the future may have in store for the Republic, it is to the last degree improbable that Turkish will ever put off its

¹ During the 1929-1930 Session the Assembly maintained its reputation for obedience, and every important measure was unanimously voted. 'The Assembly can indeed be said to resemble a well-trained battalion, its members being smart in appearance, punctual on parade, and always ready to acclaim the Commanding Officer, General Ismet Pasha.' (*The Times*, 5th July 1930.) An important political development, however, is the projected foundation by Fethi Bey of a Republican Party (August 1930). This may lead to the downfall of Ismet Pasha, but it is too early yet to say how far Mustapha Kemal has given his support to the project.

² A law has since been passed granting financial assistance to Turkish newspapers from 1929 to 1931.

European, and phonetically far more becoming, dress.

‘More brain, O Lord, more brain’—this continues to be the Meredithian prayer of the President on behalf of his people, as he traces for them the path that their footsteps should tread. He wants them to know, to know where they are, how they have got there, and where they are going to. He is the perfect anthropogogue, the man who leads his fellows by the hand. They for their part trust him with the wondering fidelity of children. They can lean on him, adore the power that is his, and patiently follow this dæmonic force which destiny, for Allah is now gone out of business, has imposed upon them. They can follow as best they may, or what is better, they can sit and listen to him talking about westernisation—or Westernisation, for at this stage it deserves the dignity of a capital—with a sublime patience that only òrientalists possess.

That patience was triumphantly proved when Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the Nationalist movement to the newly elected deputies of the People’s Party. The general elections of the summer of 1927 had resulted in the complete triumph of the Party of which he is the leader—an electoral victory rendered no doubt more complete since it was the only party allowed by the law—and before the new Assembly came together he called a Congress of the Party, at which the deputies should realise their responsi-

bilities as the spokesmen for the next triennium of the Sovereign Voice. There he made the longest speech in his career, probably the longest in the history of the world, for it lasted thirty-six hours thirty-three minutes. During the whole of a workday week he spoke for six hours a day, reading for the most part from the manuscript at which he and his friends, Ismet, Fethi, and others had been working the night before till the early hours, but now and then breaking off to tell some humorously derogatory story about Rauf, who stood out as the arch-villain, or about that flighty cosmopolitan Refet, and the other two Pashas, ambitious Ali Fuad and Kiazim Kara Bekir, who played the violin badly and sulked when he couldn't lead the band. The follies and vanities of his opponents, however, were only an incidental indictment in what was essentially an apologia and a sober statement of facts—'On 19th May 1919 I landed at Samsun,' were its opening words, and it proceeded generally on this matter-of-fact plane, worthy of the Ottoman Julius Cæsar.

The six days' story—which suggested a Biblical parallel to foreign wits—was carefully staged, and the scene in the new Assembly building mirrored the occidental metamorphosis that the new Turkey had undergone, the *Drang nach Westen*, which now drew everything in its train. In the place of the turbanned hodjas, the fezes, the kalpaks, the bright colours, and the flowing

robes which the deputies of the first Assembly had displayed on their persons, were five hundred bareheaded citizens in the sober livery of the modern man, a costume which sat in ill-fitting discomfort on the majority, for the rank and file could not hope to rival the elegance of the Ghazi Pasha, upon whose spruce figure there smiled from the second presidential box three of the President's 'wards'—some of his adopted war orphans now grown to comely womanhood. In the President's own box sat Fethi Bey, come specially from Paris for the occasion, and Fevzi Pasha, the dark horse of the Republic, who rarely shows himself in public, for he is considered the brains of the army and Mustapha Kemal's most likely successor—a dangerous distinction. And in the President's chair sat Ismet Pasha—content to serve a greater, but not a cleverer, man than himself.

As day by day Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the previous eight years, illustrating every phase by documents and anecdotes, the deputies and the other two hundred notables of the Party who had also been brought to the Congress in order to carry back the President's words to the four quarters of the country, could realise the extent of the dangers through which he had steered it. Clearly enough his resolution had again and again saved the situation, his judgment had decided when the time was ripe for each move in the campaign and each step in the de-

velopment of the Republic. The wisest Turk that ever was ! So wise that he even refrained from exploiting the xenophobia, that universally tiresome product of national self-esteem, for he said nothing against the British coup at Constantinople, which had excited such passionate resentment at the time, hardly recognisable being his description of that incident—‘on 16th March 1920 the British effected a surprise landing at Stamboul and killed some Turks and wounded others.’ Only towards the Armenians did he allow his old animosity to go uncurbed, and he did not disdain to draw cheers from his audience by repeating an old assertion that they would never yield an inch of Turkish territory to that unhappy and unloved race.

Thus, day by day, the Republican epic grew in dimensions and splendour as the hero fought his battles and repeated his speeches over again, not indeed for vainglory, but so that the representatives of the people should know, and knowing understand. And by the fifth evening it had reached its *dénouement* with the second battle of Sakaria, the recapture of Smyrna, and the Conference of Lausanne, things to stir a patriot’s blood, the blood that he made to pulse through their veins by the axiomatic summary of the Republic’s foreign policy—that the new Turkey ‘could afford to think only of its own existence and well-being, and was unable to sacrifice anything to anyone.’

‘The characteristic of the Turk is a definite need to lean on those above him.’ How could this be better satisfied than by leaning on so strong and prescient a leader? His resource, his courage, his eloquence were inexhaustible; only his larynx showed that he was human. On the sixth day, when he came to recount the reforms which the Republic had introduced, how the fez and turban, those symbols of ignorance and fanaticism, had been swept away, how women had been freed and polygamy abolished, how they all now lived under the equality of a scientific civil code, his voice failed him, and he could hardly be heard. But there was one thing still unsaid. Though the older generation had acquitted itself nobly, it was now tired. And the Republic was yet encompassed by enemies. All kinds of forces, political, moral, economic, were concentrated on its destruction. The future could only be assured if the youth of Turkey were worthy of its inheritance. Pulling himself together, therefore, he addressed its young men and women, its children and the unborn citizens of the Republic, in a peroration which left him and his hearers in tears.

Like most perorations it reads baldly when divorced from the atmosphere in which it was delivered. We may believe that the sublimity of patriotism lighted up its rhetoric and the passionate fervour which has been the impulse of an extraordinary career glowed through its con-

ventional phrases. But it was not then that Mustapha Kemal struck off the Shakespearean phrase : ‘ Our people cannot die : did that ever happen, the world itself could not support the bier.’

CHAPTER XX.

The debit side. What Economics says to Republican Turkey.

HERE the story ends, or rather joins the current of contemporary events, with Mustapha Kemal, to all appearances, more firmly in the saddle than any Turkish ruler has been for centuries.

Prophecy is beyond the scope of this modest study. The bullet or bomb of the assassin may at any moment put an end to the career of the most remarkable Turk since Mohamed Ali, and then no one can say what will happen. But the Turks are poor conspirators, and Mustapha Kemal will probably die in his bed. Though he refuses to countenance any change in the constitution whereby his power would be legally assured for life—his tenure of office is now renewable at the beginning of every quadrennial parliamentary term—it can safely be said that he has no intention of retiring. And whatever animosities his policy arouses, or vested interests it assails, he takes care not to neglect the army, where the only successful opposition to his rule could declare itself. Some evidence exists that the younger officers continue to engage in under-

ground agitation after the approved Turkish model. But the Ghazi's prestige is too great with the people at large to give a military pronouncement any chance of success.

Yet there is one insubordinate element in the commonwealth that causes the President grave anxiety. The Turkish pound obstinately refuses to sympathise with the Republican régime. Year by year it has wilted, and is now (August 1930) nominally worth about two shillings, whereas its par value is 18s. 2d. The tale this tells of the Republican régime is the strongest evidence Mustapha Kemal's critics can adduce that in cutting across his nation's past he has induced a hæmorrhage which may possibly prove fatal. Admittedly the luck has been against him. After the disorganisation of ten years' warfare, which visited every part of Turkey, there came the Kurdish revolt. A number of bad harvests made matters worse, and lastly, the already impoverished country has felt the effects of the economic crisis which has embraced the whole globe.

At the same time it would be idle to pretend that the present serious, almost desperate, economic plight of Turkey has not been greatly aggravated by the policy of the Government. Mustapha Kemal's two axioms have been a homogeneous Turkey and a Turkey freed from foreign control. In pursuance of the one he has driven the Greeks from Western Anatolia,

and upheld a root and branch policy towards the Armenians. The result is that throughout Anatolia the elements of the population through which used to flow the commercial life-blood of the community have disappeared, and the Turks, who have 'something of the old Roman idea that banking and commerce are only fit for subject races,'¹ have proved so incompetent to chaffer and cheat—as Levantine business has been described—that the Armenians are already surreptitiously beginning to return. Only on one condition will the Turkish Republic consent to the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews permanently remaining in Constantinople, where they still form, as they always have done, the most numerous portion of the inhabitants. They must become Turks, or in other words, give up their own languages and racial culture, a thing the Greeks and Armenians will never do. The Jews may prove more pliable. 'If we are not Turks in ten years,' one of their leaders has said to Ismet Pasha, 'you can turn us out of the country.'

Mustapha Kemal and his Government have done their best to help forward this commercial Turkification by many kinds of measures. All firms, for instance, have now to keep their books in Turkish, and to employ Turks to the extent of at least fifty per cent. of their personnel, irrespective of whether they are able to do the work

¹ A. A. Pallis, "The New Turkey," *Nineteenth Century*, November 1928.

required. What with crass legislation and still crasser official interference, against which the only weapon is the old-fashioned emollient of bribery, there is little enough chance for the mercantile and trading classes in Constantinople to exercise aptitudes inherited from commercial traditions that in the days of Byzantium set the standard for the civilised world. It is only fair to add that many of Mustapha Kemal's measures have been helpful. The adoption of the metric system of weights and measures, of the Gregorian calendar, and of the European system of reckoning the hours of the day as beginning at midnight—and not at sunset as the old Turkish fashion was—are all wisely considered, as also the choice of Sunday as the general day of rest—in itself a brave gesture in a Moslem country, for by the second article of the Constitution of the Republic, the religion of the Turkish State is Islam.

The attempt to produce a homogeneous state in the place of the various communities which had their only bond of union in a common allegiance to the Sultan has been disastrous enough to the prosperity of Constantinople and Smyrna and Anatolia generally. Its effect has been aggravated by the determination to keep the Republic free from foreign control. With this resolve anyone who knows the history of European finance in the Levant during the nineteenth century must have a good deal of sympathy. At the same time it creates a dilemma

from which escape is difficult. For Turkey cannot reorganise its existence, it cannot provide itself with those comforts and amenities essential to the European life at which it aims, unless it has the foreign capital, and one should add the foreign brains, necessary for the exploitation of its resources. This capital can only be obtained by giving securities which Mustapha Kemal considers would impinge on the national freedom.

Such foreign syndicates as have already ventured into Republican Turkey have not met with a success that encourages others to step in without substantial guarantees. The much advertised concessions to the American Chester Group, which in 1923 were expected to transform Anatolia into a land resounding to the clang of factories and the whirr of agricultural machinery, came to nothing. And various European financiers can lament the loss of the capital which they rashly hazarded in Republican Turkey. The three important concessions granted by the Republic to foreign capitalists have all been rescinded through their failure to agree with the Turkish Government—or one might say owing to the suspicious interference the Turkish Government showed towards their activities. The Swedes who undertook to build railways, the Belgians who started to manufacture matches,¹ and the

¹ A State Match Monopoly has now (June 1930) been leased to an American group, in return for a loan of £2,000 000, plus a fixed annual royalty.

Poles who were given a spirit monopoly, have long since gone out of business, and Mustapha Kemal has been too wary to give any encouragement to foreign nationals belonging to countries which would be able to make themselves unpleasant.¹ In the matter of railway development Mustapha Kemal has managed to do much out of income, and the time is not far distant when Angora will be directly served with a north and south line of railway, connecting the Capital on one side with the Black Sea at Eregli, and through Calsaree, with Sivas eastwards and Adana southwards. A good deal, too, has been done to make a network of roads. But difficulties of communications in a country of great lateral mountain ranges and a population of only twenty-eight to the square mile are not to be easily surmounted, and the muleteer still remains an important factor in Turkey's transport system.

The Republic has only shouldered half-heartedly its obligations towards the bondholders of the old Ottoman Debt. After laborious negotiations a settlement was reached in Paris in 1928, and ratified at the end of that year by the Grand National Assembly, by which the Republic agreed to pay £2,000,000 annually till 1935, after which the annuities were to increase to total four millions by 1951. The bargain, however, though a poor one for Turkey's creditors, may prove

¹ For this reason British nationals have probably failed to secure any important contracts or concessions.

too heavy for the Turks, who are now (March 1930) talking of a moratorium for five years. The Turkish Government, in fact, is at its wits' end for money, and it is only with the greatest difficulty that it manages to meet an annual expenditure of some twenty million pounds sterling, a revenue one-half of that which flows so easily into the coffers of the Egyptian Government from a population not more numerous than that of Turkey. Man does not live by bread alone, neither do nations. At the same time those moral imponderables, characteristic of the European point of view which Turkey wishes to adopt, rely upon a background of more solid comfort than anything Asia can provide. One cannot live a western life amidst eastern squalor, and they have statistics on their side who assert that, though Mustapha Kemal has given a Europeanised superstructure to the Turkish ship of State, he has not managed to repair the waterlogged hold.

Finance is Mustapha Kemal's tendon Achilles, and the efforts he is making to counter the economic strains to which his political and social structure is being subjected are not reassuring.¹ A spectacular 'economy campaign,' that attempts to push native products to the extent of substitut-

¹ Signor Mussolini confesses to a failure of the same kind. 'Of all the Gordian knots with which the régime has been faced, only the economic one has not been completely cut.' (Speech at Florence, 18th May 1930.)

ing local linden tea instead of the tea or coffee which only grows in the tropics, and requires every one to abjure all European products, is hardly a happy corollary to the importation of the foreign ideas that are to reshape the national life, for western civilisation has its basis in the physical comfort and material well-being that are the fruits of the Baconian philosophy. Our culture follows, and does not precede, commodities.

The Ghazi Pasha does his best to inculcate ideals of plain living and high thinking. His own official salary was originally fixed at some £18,000 a year, and though he has an ample estate near Angora of over 100,000 acres, about a third of which is arable, he cultivates this as a model farm to give an example of modern agricultural methods rather than from any desire of personal enrichment. Whatever may be said of the 'desperadoes' around him, Mustapha Kemal himself remains personally indifferent to money, and disdains those trappings of royalty which are exquisitely and gaudily displayed in Egypt, where the Ghazi Pasha is regarded with a reverence almost as great as that accorded to him in his own country. This homage finds one outlet in the presentation by the cities of the Republic of residences where the President may stay on his journeyings up and down the country, so that there is no town of importance which has not given the best house within its confines to the sole use of the Ghazi Pasha—a gesture showing

maybe that oriental servility has not yet been eradicated from the Turkish psychology.

None knows this better than Mustapha Kemal and he snubs it as unmercifully when it becomes too transparent, as he encourages independence amongst the humble ranks of the Republic's servants. The story of his rewarding the sentry who refused to let him pass with a gift of £100 was not put about for nothing. This desire to impress upon his countrymen their responsibilities towards the symbolical Mustapha Kemal, 'who represents the new thought and the new ideal,' helps to inspire his undeviating insistence in the sovereignty of the people, which from 1931 will be further accentuated by abolishing elections in two degrees and by extending the franchise to women, who will also then become eligible to sit in the Assembly. The symbolical Mustapha Kemal, whatever statistics may say, unquestionably stands to-day as an inspiration for the whole of hither Asia. And in taking leave of the Mustapha Kemal of flesh and blood, the impartial observer must express the pious wish that he will be spared to continue the work he has begun. He cannot hope to finish it. A catastrophe may break it in pieces. Only the distant future can show whether he has managed successfully to graft his country's history on to that of Europe, or whether his career will be still another proof that Asiatic history is but a series of anecdotes untouched by any principles of ordered growth

and development. But we may wish the experiment well, if only because the nature of the Turkish Republic, born amidst the travail of war, has proved essentially pacific. In spite of occasional uneasiness that his flirtations with Moscow have caused, Mustapha Kemal since 1920 has followed a foreign policy that seeks peace and ensues it. Republican Turkey has no ambitions outside of its own frontiers, and it is the only country of the Near East and the Levant of which this can be said. Whether it will preserve this moderation depends probably on the ultimate issue of the struggle between Angora and Constantinople. The victory of the former is assured for Mustapha Kemal's lifetime, a victory which has to pay in the economic sphere for its political advantages. Whether the magnet of the New Rome can be permanently resisted is more than doubtful. It is one more of the paradoxes which enwrap human affairs that the Turks should have turned their backs on the city which acted as the citadel of European culture for a thousand years at the very time when they desired most ardently to inherit the fruits of the very culture that it had so faithfully guarded.

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